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THE LIBERTY BOYS OR, THE GYPSY SPY OF HARLEM

By HARRY MOORE.
AND OTHER STORIES



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The Liberty Boys of '76

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The Liberty Boys and the Fortune Teller

OR, THE GYPSY SPY OF HARLEM

By HARRY MOORE

CHAPTER I.—Dick Slater and the Gypsy.

A boy in homespun was walking along the street not far from King's Bridge, on the island of New York side, one pleasant day in summer. He paid no attention to any one, apparently, and no one paid any attention to him. Although he looked like an ordinary boy, and wished to be taken for such just then, he was a good deal more than that. He was a spy in the American service, and there were none better of his age.

At that time the British held the City of New York and much of the country around it, and were seeking to extend their holdings into Westchester and up the Hudson river on both sides. Dick Slater was the captain of the Liberty Boys, a band of one hundred sterling young American patriots fighting for independence, and a spy of no mean ability. Just now he was in Harlem trying to learn what the next move of the enemy might be, for General Washington suspected that they were about to make a move of importance, and had sent Dick to learn all he could about it.

No one not having an intimate acquaintance with the young patriot would have recognized him in his disguise. As he walked on, he saw coming toward him a boy from near his own home in Westchester, who knew him well. The boy was as bitter a Tory as Dick was an ardent patriot, and the very sight of the young spy would be the signal for an alarm. Dick was unwilling to turn back at this time, being on the track of an officer who, he suspected, knew something of Sir Henry Clinton's plans.

Hurriedly brushing his hair down upon his forehead and pushing up the crown of his hat to a peak, Dick assumed a stupid look and went on, presently meeting the Tory boy face-to-face.

"If Bill Burgess knows me now, he is smarter than I think," was his inward thought.

The Tory boy stopped, looked at him, and was about to say something, when Dick asked, with a stupid look and a stammering tone:

"W-well, w-what do you w-want? D-d-do I owe you anyth-th-thing? G-g-et out o' my w-w-way or I'll p-p-punch you!"

It was the threat of personal punishment as much as anything that caused Bill Burgess to steer to one side, and say, apologetically:

"'Scuse me, I thought you was—"

At that moment there came a sudden interrup-

tion in the shape of a little disturbance farther down the street. A dark-skinned man with a thick black beard, and dressed in the extravagant fashion affected by gypsies at that time, and even now, had seized a gypsy girl by the arm and was trying to drag her into a tavern close by.

"You come with me!" he said. "You have my money; you come with me!"

"No! I have nothing of yours; let go of my arm," the girl cried, struggling to free herself, while a crowd of men and boys quickly gathered about.

Dick Slater, hurriedly brushing his hair back from his forehead, and restoring his hat to its proper shape, hurried forward, pushed aside three or four boys, and suddenly caught the gypsy man by the wrist in a strong grip, and said:

"Let the girl alone! What do you mean by dragging her along in this fashion?"

The man winced under the strong grip upon his wrist, and released the girl, saying doggedly:

"De girl is my daughter. She shall do as I say. What is that—"

A tightening of Dick's grip caused the man to howl, and the girl said quickly:

"He is not my father. I am a gypsy girl, yes; I tell fortunes. But I am no daughter to him. He is a bad man."

"Go away, my girl," said Dick. "I will see that he does not follow or annoy you."

"Ha! do not let her go!" cried the gypsy. "She is not my daughter, no; but I will tell you what she is: One spy of the rebels, yes; and this boy—"

A sudden wrench caused him to give a howl of pain, and then Bill Burgess came up, looked again at Dick, and cried:

"Huh! I'll tell you what he is; he's a—"

Dick suddenly swung the gypsy man around and let go of his wrist, causing him to collide with the Tory boy, and send him floundering into a watering trough close by. Then Dick hurried away, for he knew that Bill would raise an alarm as soon as he got clear of the trough. The gypsy man picked himself up, looked around angrily, and said:

"Ha! You are fools to let him go. Where is he? Do you know who he is? That is the spy of the rebels; that is Dick Slater, and you let him go."

Then Bill got out of the watering trough, shook himself, shivered, and cried loudly:

"You let Dick Slater go; he is a spy. He's a rebel. There's a reward for him, and you let him get away. Where is he?"

Nothing was to be seen of either Dick Slater or the fortune teller, both having slipped away while the crowd was laughing at the tribulation of Bill Burgess and the anger of the gypsy. A boy of Bill's size now came forward and said:

"I know where he went, and if you'll give me some of the reward I'll tell you where. I seen him, but I didn't know he was Dick Slater till he run away. I can find him for you if you give me half the reward."

The boy had colorless hair, a freckled face, and a decidedly pug nose, which had its share in giving him his name, all his acquaintances knowing him as Pug Hodge and nothing else.

"You gotter show him to us first, Pug Hodge, before you get any o' the reward," answered Bill. "Where did he go?"

"Into the tavern yonder. I seen him, and he hasn't come out; so he's there yet."

As soon as the crowd heard that, they all hurried over to the tavern, and Bill Burgess saw his chances of getting any of the reward for Dick Slater's capture rapidly diminishing. Part of Pug Hodge's statement was perfectly true, for Dick had gone into the tavern when he had caused Bill to fall into the watering trough. The gypsy girl had hurried away when Dick had let go of the man, and in front of the tavern said to the young patriot spy:

"Go into the tavern. They will look for you there, but you shall come out on the other side."

"Very good," replied Dick, and went into the tavern, while the girl made her way around through the tavern yard to the rear. Here she met Dick coming out, and said to him:

"You are Dick Slater, the captain of the Liberty Boys, yes? Black George, he is the gypsy, is a spy for the enemy. I am for the patriots. I will help you. You want to find out what the British do? I will tell you. I do not know so soon, but I will tell you. You know the big house on the hill, near the river, where the British officers live?"

"Yes, I know the place."

"I go there some day. You shall go, too. I know the way in. It is secret."

Just then there was a noise in the tavern, and the gypsy fortune-teller said hurriedly:

"They come, they look for you. Go, but meet me to-night at the old mill on the creek."

"Very good, I will do so," and Dick ran down between the barn and a woodshed, and was soon out of sight. In another moment a number of men and boys came running out of the tavern by the back door, making a lot of noise.

"Where is the spy, where is he?" asked several, running up to the girl in great excitement.

"He go there, maybe," the girl answered, pointing toward the road.

The crowd did not observe the provisional word, but hurried on in the direction of the road, the girl quickly going in another direction and disappearing in a few moments. Dick went down the alley, reached a fence, got over it, crossed an open space, hurried along a passage between two houses, and came out on another

street, in the meantime turning his coat inside out and changing the shape of his hat from round to three-cornered with a few quick moves. His appearance was now greatly changed, and he felt sure that no one would know him.

"I am not sure of finding my man," he muttered, "but I must try, at any rate. He knows what I want to know, and he may confide it to some of his friends in my hearing."

He got back upon the street where the tavern was located, all being quiet around the place now, with nothing to show what a tumult there had been in the neighborhood but a short time before. There were men on the street, and a few boys hanging about the watering trough, but no confusion or noise, such as there had been, and Dick went along unnoticed. Entering the tavern carelessly, he looked around the taproom, failing to see the British officer whom he had been following, and who, he suspected, would enter the tavern.

Over at one side there were three or four little curtained stalls having partitions about as high as one's head, where one could sit in greater privacy than in the open taproom. Two of these had the red curtains drawn, showing that they were occupied at the time. Dick walked over to that side of the room and passed these two stalls, looking over the partitions as he went by. In the second one there were two persons—one the British officer Dick was seeking, and the other the gypsy, Black George, so called.

"Yes, he is trying to find out, and the girl, she is just as bad," the latter was saying, not noticing Dick as he passed noiselessly. "He has got away, but I will find her, and she shall tell me what she knows."

Dick entered the next stall and sat with his back against the partition nearest to the gypsy. A boy looked in, and Dick ordered something to eat and drink in a quiet tone, the boy going away, but stopping at the other stall and saying in a whisper:

"There is some one in the next stall, but you need not fear him, as he is only a country boy, who eats bread and cheese and drinks buttermilk; nothing but a yokel."

The gypsy stood up and looked over the partition, but saw only a sleepy country boy, who was beginning to snore loudly. Dick knew that the gypsy was looking at him, but made no sign, snoring more vociferously than ever.

"Ha! that is nothing!" the gypsy growled, resuming his seat. "I think he is Dick Slater, maybe, for he is disguise like the country boy, but he is not."

"For all your care in keeping the place picketed, and despite your spying, I shall yet learn something," was Dick's thought.

"You think the gypsy girl has found out something?" asked the officer. "Are you sure of this?"

"No, I am not; but she want to find out, and I must keep her indoors. I say she is my daughter, and that she shall come with me, so that she do not go out and spy, and then the rebel boy come up and take me by the wrist, like a vice, and I must let go the girl. Ha! he is strong like de big man!"

"Then she knows nothing of the attack that is

to be made on the other side of the bridge, in Westchester?"

"No, she know nothing, but she must be keep from finding out. She is the clever spy. She make out to tell the fortune of the British officer and she find out something. If she is lock up, den she find nothing out."

"Very true. You have learned anything about the rebels' intentions, gypsy?"

Just then the boy came into Dick's stall, shook him roughly, and said, in a saucy tone:

"Here, you bumpkin, here is your order. Better settle your score now, or you may fall asleep again and forget all about it."

"All right," replied Dick, giving a tremendous yawn and stretching his arms in such a manner that he caught the boy a buffet on the jaw. "How much—a sixpence?"

"Yes; but be careful, you clumsy clown, and don't forget the boy."

CHAPTER II.—Trouble at the Bridge.

While Dick Slater was eating bread and cheese, the British officer and the gypsy were drinking punch and smoking long clay pipes, the fragrant smoke floating away in clouds over Dick's head. They said nothing more of any importance, and the gypsy shortly went away, not troubling himself to look over the partition this time.

"And the fellow thinks he is a spy!" thought Dick. "He is not as good as the girl. I must see her to-night and tell her of this other appointment."

In a few moments there was the sound of a number of persons entering the place, and Dick looked out and saw Bill Burgess, Pug Hodge, and a number of other boys and some men coming in. He slipped out without being observed, the landlord having halted the boys and asked them if they had their parents with them. Dick went out at a side door, and slipped through the office room to the rear hallway, whence he left the house by the back door.

"Bill or Pug might know me," he said to himself, "and I must not let the redcoats' suspicions be aroused."

He left the tavern without being recognized, and made his way along the street without attracting any attention, but the trouble was to get across the bridge to the Westchester side, where the camp of the Liberty Boys was located, without being known. There were guards at the bridge, and redcoats all about, and Dick was known to many of them, so that he would have to exercise considerable care in getting away.

He was well accustomed to facing all sorts of dangers, however, and often acted upon the spur of the moment, rarely thinking out an affair ahead, as there were so many unforeseen occurrences to change his plans. He walked on at moderate speed, making his way at length to Spuyten Duyvil creek, where he took a look at an old ruined mill, and then kept on toward the bridge.

"I must be there early to-night," he said to himself, "so as to be at the big house at ten o'clock. If she is not there, I shall have to find a way of getting into the house without her."

Coming in sight of the bridge at last, he saw two or three guards marching up and down before it, and, not far away, a squad of Hessians, while a little farther off were some British soldiers.

"There may be no trouble," he said, "but I must be prepared for it, and get away, whether or no."

Reaching the bridge, he started to cross it without going through the formality of asking the guard whether he could or not. He had taken several steps when one of the sentries shouted out in an angry tone:

"Hallo! Where are you going, boy?"

"Across the bridge, of course," returned Dick, keeping right on.

"I say, come back here!" yelled the soldier.

"Well, I'm coming back some time," and Dick continued on his way.

"Hallo! come back now!" and the sentry and two or three others set out after Dick.

"Haven't got time!" called Dick back to them, going on at the same pace.

He saw something which the redcoats did not, or which they did not consider, at any rate. There was a drove of cattle coming across the bridge, taking up the greater part of the roadway. Dick hurried on, and now the redcoats ran after him, thinking that he would be stopped by the cattle. When he was within a few feet of the drove he suddenly leaped upon the bridge rail, and ran lightly along the top of it.

"Hallo! Stop!" shouted the sentries.

Then they ran after him and discharged their muskets. Dick had passed the greater part of the herd by that time, and leaped down just as the redcoats fired. There were not many cattle at that point, and they were not near enough to him to trouble him. The sound of the shots alarmed the cattle, and they at once began to race over the bridge in the liveliest fashion. All at once the redcoats saw forty head of cattle coming toward them at full speed, lowing and making a tremendous noise. Without stopping to consider the undignified position, but thinking only of their own safety, the redcoats took to their heels and fled back across the bridge as fast as they could run. Dick jumped upon the rail again for a moment and watched them, laughing heartily at their plight.

"These fellows think that they can put a whole brigade of 'rebels' to flight with a single company of their men, and yet they run before a drove of cattle," he laughed.

Then he went on, crossed the bridge without further incident, and hurried on to the camp of the Liberty Boys, distant a mile or two. Stopping at a tavern a few rods from the bridge, he entered, and went to a room on the second floor. Here he had left his uniform, and he lost no time in putting it on, after which he went to the barn and got out a fine, coal-black horse of pure Arabian blood, which he quickly saddled and then rode away.

"Get along, Major," he said. "The boys will want to know all about my trip across the river, and we must not keep them waiting."

The intelligent animal seemed to understand what Dick said, for he went on like the wind, and the distance between the inn and the camp was soon covered. As Dick rode into camp, Bob

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Estabrook, the first lieutenant, Mark Morrison, the second, Ben Spurlock, Harry Judson, Will Freeman, and a number of the boys came forward to welcome him.

"Any news, Dick?" asked Bob, who was Dick Slater's closest friend, and like a brother to him.

"Yes, Bob," dismounting. "The redcoats are going to make an attack over here at some early period, but I don't know just when. I think I shall learn that to-night."

The boys were greatly interested, for it was a common saying among them that Dick never went out that he did not meet with some adventure, and they wished to hear all about what had happened to him this time. They listened with great interest, and when Dick had finished Mark said, with a laugh:

"Bill Burgess got a ducking, but I think if some of the boys had been there he would have had worse."

"Are you going there alone to-night, Dick?" asked Bob.

"I think it may be as well to have some of the boys with us, Bob, in case they are needed. You will go along, of course. When we see the fortune-teller, she will show us the way to the house on the hill, and we may want some of the boys around in case we want to run off with one or two of the redcoats."

"Yes, that will be a good thing. The girl is to be trusted, Dick?"

"Yes; but not the man. He is not only a spy for the enemy, but a scoundrel as well. We ought to catch him, if possible, and we may do so one of these days."

Toward dusk Dick and Bob put on disguises and set out for the other side of the river. They rode as far as the bridge, Dick on Major, his black Arabian, and Bob on a fine bay, where they put up their horses and set out for the other side. There was a truck farmer going over with a load of garden stuff, and the boys crawled in under the canvas cover, and hid until they were across the bridge, thus eluding the vigilance of the guards, who stopped every one who came along. When they were well out of sight of the guardhouse, the boys crawled out and took their way along the creek toward the old ruined mill, where Dick expected to meet the gypsy fortune-teller. Reaching the old mill, the boys entered, and Dick whistled softly. In a few moments the girl came from some dark corner and asked:

"Who is that?"

"Two friends of freedom," replied Dick, and the girl came out and welcomed him cordially.

"This is my lieutenant, Bob Estabrook," said Dick. "What shall I call you?"

"My name is Ruth," the gypsy girl answered. "Have you heard anything from the enemy?"

"Yes; the redcoats hold an important meeting at the house on the hill to-night, to decide when an attack is to be made upon the patriots in Westchester."

"At what time to-night?"

"Ten o'clock."

"Ah! then we must be there. We will go through the secret entrance and be present at this meeting."

"Yes, that is what I decided upon as soon as I heard of it," shortly.

"Then we must make our way there now," said the gypsy girl, and at once they left the old mill and set out.

CHAPTER III.—At the House on the Hill.

The boys and the fortune-teller made their way to the Harlem river, and then along the bank under the hill where the big house stood. This had been occupied by a patriot family, but the British were now occupying it, as they occupied everything that they could get hold of, and the family were turned out of doors. The girl presently paused before a great clump of bushes and said:

"It is in here where we find the way to the house, by a secret passage the owner made. I have found it, and I know the way to the house. The redcoats do not know it, but I do. You go this way, and I go to the front way and ask to tell the gentlemen's fortunes. I go that way more than once, and they know me. When you go as far as you can, knock twice, and I will open the door."

"Very well," replied Dick. "Show me the way."

The girl led the way into the bushes, stooped and raised a small trap door, and then said:

"There it is. Follow the passage till you come to a little door. Knock twice on this. I will open to you."

"Very good. Come on, Bob."

The two boys entered the dark passage, going down a few rough steps, when the girl replaced the trap, and all was dark.

"You can trust her, Dick?" asked Bob.

"Yes; come ahead. We can light a match if we like, but I think it is safe enough."

They went on, up a gentle slope, seeing absolutely nothing but finding the floor smooth and with no steps, ascending gradually and with no obstacles in the way. Meantime the gypsy girl made her way rapidly to the front of the house, and knocked at the door. An under-officer answered the summons and said, with a laugh:

"Aha, my beauty, you are here, eh? Will you tell my fortune?"

"Yes, if you cross my hand with silver," the girl replied.

"Who is there, Hawkins?" asked a voice from one of the rooms opening on the main hall.

"It is the gypsy girl, sir."

"Ah! let her come in," and in another moment the officer whom Dick had seen in the tavern came out.

"Shall I tell your fortune, sir?" the girl asked, going forward, so that the officer was obliged to return to the room from which he had come.

"You may remain outside," he said to the other officer.

Then he closed the door and motioned to the girl to be seated.

"You can tell my fortune?" he asked.

"Yes, if my palm is crossed with gold," the gypsy spy replied, with a glance at the wall near the fireplace.

"With gold, eh?" laughing. "You were willing to take silver from the lieutenant."

"Ah! but your fortune is a better one," replied

Ruth, taking a pack of cards from a pocket in her dress, and looking around again.

"What are you looking at?" the redcoat asked. "You look as if you expected some one."

"No, not yet," in a loud tone. "They will come when I want them. You are expecting some one yourself," spreading the cards on the table.

"Am I?" laughing.

"Yes, you are expecting a dark man, a bad man, one who will have a secret to tell you, or you think so."

Dick was now on the other side of the wall, and heard the gypsy girl very plainly.

"Tell me more," said the redcoat. "There is wine here—will you drink my health?"

There was a decanter and glasses on the table, near a two-branched candlestick and the officer now filled two of the glasses.

"Had you not better shut the door?" the girl asked.

The other turned his head, and at the moment the fortune-teller put something in one of the glasses. It was a little powder which she had held in her hand, and at once it fell to the bottom and was dissolved in an instant.

"The door is shut," the officer said.

"Let me tell you something," the girl replied. "You suspect me to be a spy of the rebels, as you call them. You are waiting for the gypsy man, Black George. You wish to deliver me to him. Am I telling you the truth so far?"

The officer laughed and replied:

"Aha, you are a very clever girl. I should drink your health. Did you find all this in the cards?"

"Yes, and more," looking at the clock. "You expect the gypsy at ten of the clock. He will bring you news of the rebels, if he gets it. Will you drink my health?"

"With the greatest of pleasure," and the officer raised his glass. "You will drink with me?"

"When I shall tell you more. You are surrounded by enemies, but you do not know it. I can summon them in an instant. I have but to say one word, 'Enter,' and they will be here."

The redcoat put his glass to his lips and laughed.

"You are a very clever girl," he said, "but you have walked into a trap. You will not leave this house till you have told all you know of the rebels, and then you will go to the guardhouse. Ha, ha, my beauty, I wish you a very good health!"

Then he drained the glass and laughed again, while the gypsy spy began to arrange the cards anew. Then of a sudden the redcoat ceased to laugh, caught at the table, scattering many of the cards on the floor, and staggered to his feet.

"Enter!" said the girl, leaping to the side of the room as the officer sank to the floor unconscious.

Sliding a panel close to the fireplace, she revealed an opening in the wainscoting, from which Dick stepped out.

"One is enough!" the girl said, hurrying to the side of the fallen redcoat.

There was a sudden sound of footsteps, and the door to the hall flew open. The gypsy spy had taken a packet from the inside pocket of the unconscious officer's scarlet coat. Dick Slater was behind the door as Hawkins threw it open and dashed forward.

"Aha! I have caught you, have I?" he laughed, as he quickly advanced. "You are my prisoner!"

The door was closed, and Dick glided forward noiselessly.

"Surrender!" said Hawkins. "We know you, and we know that you are in league with the rebels. Hal—"

A gasp escaped the gypsy girl as Dick seized the British officer from behind, and clapped a hand over his mouth. "Utter a sound and I shall shoot you!" hissed the captain of the Liberty Boys, as he hurled the man to the floor.

"Here, take this!" gasped Ruth, handing Dick the packet.

"Come in, Bob!" cried Dick, as he took the packet and stuffed a gag into the redcoat's mouth.

Bob entered at once, and, seeing the situation, bound the lieutenant with his own belts.

"Do we want him, Dick?" he asked.

"No," replied Dick, who was locking the door. "Come, we have no time to lose. We do not want the gypsy, for he has learned nothing, and it will be better to let him wait till he has."

Footsteps were heard outside, and Dick hurried Bob and the gypsy girl into the secret passage. Then, as the noise outside increased and there was a pounding on the door, Dick extinguished the lights and followed the others, closing the panel behind him. They all hurried on in the darkness, the sounds from the room they had left growing fainter as they descended.

"You did not kill him?" asked Dick.

"No; only something to put him to sleep. He will awake and remember nothing of what occurred."

"Very good!" and no more was said till they reached the end of the passage and Ruth raised the trap.

When they were in the open air once more, they saw lights flashing from the house on the hill and heard shouts and hoarse cries.

"Make your way to the bridge as fast as you can!" hissed Ruth. "I will be safe. I have a hiding place."

"We will see you again?" said Dick.

"Yes—shortly."

Then the girl disappeared, and Dick and Bob made their way toward the creek, the sounds from the house on the hill growing louder every moment. Then some one called from the river:

"Hallo! What is the matter up there?"

There was a man in the boat on the river, the boys making him out very distinctly as he drew nearer.

"Some rebels have escaped, and they are looking for them," replied Dick. "They went along here somewhere."

"Ha! Is that so? Then I'll help you find them. Did you see them?"

"Yes, but I can't tell you where they are now," as the man came on shore, the boys waiting for him.

There were more lights at the house and more shouts, and the whole neighborhood would shortly be aroused.

"Which way did the rebels go?" asked the man, hurrying toward the two boys, leaving the boat on the bank.

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"This way!" said Dick, and in a moment he and Bob were upon the fellow, Dick bringing his hands behind his back and Bob thrusting a neck-cloth into his mouth.

Dick bound the man's hands with his own neckcloth, and then he and Bob laid him in the bushes and hurried toward the boat.

"Stay there and keep quiet," muttered Bob. "If you say a word it will be the worse for you."

"That's a queer injunction, Bob," laughed Dick. "He can't help himself, that I can see."

"Well, you can see that he hasn't said a word since," chuckled Bob.

They pushed the boat off, took up the oars, and rowed at a fair speed, Bob at the oars, while the noise increased, men soon coming running along the bank, shouting and looking this way and that. The boys were well out on the river by this time, and could not be seen, being in the shadow.

"They may find the man we laid away," muttered Bob.

"Yes, but it doesn't matter now, for he can't get at us, and he saw so little of us that he will not be able to describe us."

"No, that is right," and Bob pulled steadily, making very little noise with the oars, and being too far out to be seen distinctly.

"Keep right across, Bob," said Dick. "There is a landing over there, and we can go ashore. They will be looking for us at the bridge, and it is just as well that we saw the man with the boat."

They went on, the sounds on the bank and at the house becoming confused and indistinct, and then diminishing till, by the time they reached the opposite shore, they were scarcely heard. The boys tied up the boat on shore, and then made their way rapidly toward where they had left their horses.

"They are wondering how we got into the house and how we got out even more," laughed Dick. "The redcoats do not know of the secret passage, but perhaps the gypsy man does. I must ask Ruth."

"If he came there at ten o'clock he may have shown them the way out. There were men on the river as well as elsewhere."

"Yes, but we did not hear his voice. If he knows the secret passage, he may not care to let the redcoats know about it."

"Very true. He might want to use it on his own account and for his own benefit."

The boys reached the camp at last, and then Dick went to his tent, called in Bob and Mark, got candles, and proceeded to examine the packet taken from the redcoat.

"Jove!" said Dick. "This is of the utmost importance!"

CHAPTER IV.—A Surprise for Delancey.

Dick Slater and his two lieutenants went over the papers very carefully, finding them, as the young captain had said, of the greatest importance.

"Some of these are instructions from Sir Henry Clinton to the officer of whom Ruth relieved the papers," said Dick. "And some are letters from Delancey and other loyalist leaders, speaking of

attacks to be made both below and above. Delancey's stronghold is at Morrisania, but if we act expeditiously we may be able to get ahead of him."

"That is a good idea, Dick," said Bob emphatically. "Delancey is one of the most unscrupulous enemies that the patriots have, and we will be doing the cause a great benefit if we can either catch him or drive him out."

"Yes, and if we get ahead of him it will be all the better, Bob, although to do that we shall have to work fast, as the redcoats may warn him that the dispatches have been lost, and have probably found themselves into the hands of the patriots."

"Would it be too late to take a rapid run down there now, attack Delancey's stronghold, prevent his coming out, and then get away?"

"I don't know that it would, Bob, and we have a certain amount of authority which would enable us to make this move without first telling the general about it."

"Then if we have the authority, Dick, why don't we do it?" eagerly. "They can't possibly get word to Delancey before we can reach the place, and we will be stealing a march upon him."

"We will do it, Bob. Order the Liberty Boys to make preparations to go on the march at once."

Bob and Mark set out about carrying out Dick's orders with as little delay as possible, both being anxious to attack Delancey and take him by surprise. Delancey loyalists, sometimes called Cowboys, on account of their raids upon the patriot farmers, had often harassed Westchester, and Dick and his boys were always glad to do anything to punish them.

The instant that the boys knew that there was going to be a surprise of Delancey made that night, they lost no time in getting ready, and in a short time they were all in the saddle awaiting orders. It was some few miles to Delancey's stronghold, but the boys were all well mounted, and at that time of night the roads would be clear, so that little time need be lost in getting to the place and making the attack. The fires were left burning, so that any one passing the camp would suppose that the boys were still there, and then away they rode, going at full speed, and for a time attracting no attention. Then those on the road who were not early to go to bed were awakened out of their first naps by hearing the boys go clattering by, and ran to windows and doors to see what was up.

"Hallo! what's the matter?" cried one.

"We're off to thrash the Refugees!" cried Dick. "Forward, Liberty Boys!"

"Then good luck to you!" shouted the questioner, and others echoed his wish when they learned the meaning of the nocturnal expedition.

On went the gallant boys with a dash and a rush, and the miles were rapidly put behind them. Delancey himself occupied a house in Morrisania, his men being quartered at some little distance, some of them being in a blockhouse on the river which they called a fort, and which was provided with a couple of small field pieces.

The boys had no fear of these, as they meant to make such a sudden attack that the enemy would not have time to use the guns. At times

they would ride on without attracting any attention, everybody being abed and asleep, apparently, but again some one would stick his night-capped head out of some upper window, and want to know what the noise was all about. If the enquirer was known to be a patriot, the answer would be given, but if he were a Tory, as was sometimes known to be the case, nothing was said, the boys riding all the faster. Near the edge of Morrisania was a tavern where Tories, loyalists and occasional redcoats were mostly to be found, the place being a resort for such characters, and not having a very good reputation.

Riding up to this, Dick saw that the lights were still burning, and from the noise within it was still in full blast, although taverns were usually closed at this hour. The door opened, letting out a flood of light, and the landlord, coming out, said sharply:

"Who's that—the king's troops?"

"No, a band of patriots known as the Liberty Boys," replied Dick, reining in and calling to the boys to halt.

"H'm! a pack of young rebels, as I live!" and the landlord hastened within.

"Dismount a score of the boys, Bob," said Dick. "Force the place and seize every redcoat you find. Forward, boys!"

Bob quickly picked out Ben Spurlock, Sam Sanderon, and more of the boys from those nearest, while Dick, taking Mark along, hurried on with his boys, and surrounded the tavern in a few moments. Then he made a rush for the front door and sent it and the landlord flying, the boniface having attempted to bolt it, but not being quick enough for Bob. Bob rushed in, followed by half a dozen lively Liberty Boys, and at the same moment Ben and Sam made their way in at the rear, with a number of sturdy boys behind them. Some of the men in the tavern jumped out at the windows when they recognized the blue and buff of the Liberty Boys, thinking to escape.

As none of them happened to be a redcoat, however, the boys outside, into whose arms they jumped, allowed them to go free. Two British regulars were found in the place, and were promptly seized and disarmed, while a couple of Delancey's loyalists, with showy uniforms, tried to get into a closet which was not big enough for one, and were promptly hauled out and made to surrender.

"This is an outrage, sir!" sputtered the landlord, getting very red and very puffy in the face.

"Yes, so it is, redcoats on patriot soil," replied Bob. "It is an outrage and these fellows ought to be sent back as fast as they can go. It is an outrage that any native American, as you are, should associate with the enemies of his country, and not only that, but encourage them in their evil practices."

"This is a private house, sir, and these are my guests. You are—"

"It is a public house," replied Bob, "and we have a right to enter. Moreover, you are transgressing against the law in keeping the place open at this hour."

"These gentlemen are travelers, sir, and demanded entertainment, and I am compelled to give it to all such, no matter at what hour they call me up."

"Oh, I thought they were your guests, and that it was a private establishment," with a laugh. "Your stories don't hang together, landlord."

"No, but some of these Tories may hang together, if they are not careful," laughed Ben, who was one of the jolliest of the boys.

The redcoats and loyalists were taken away, the citizens being allowed to go free, on condition that they would go home and not try to make trouble for the Liberty Boys. Then Bob rode after Dick, hearing the sound of rapid firing, followed by loud shouts and cheers.

"Dick has attacked the blockhouse!" cried Bob. "Forward, boys!"

"Liberty forever! Now to catch Delaney!" answered Ben, and the boys all gave a cheer.

Dick had attacked the place, indeed, and there was great confusion, the loyalists rushing out only half-clad, and trying to rally against the plucky boys. The field pieces were dragged out, and an attempt to fire them was made, but Dick took a score of the boys and charged upon them, capturing them in a few moments. They were tumbled into a ditch outside the blockhouse, and then a charge made upon the place. A number of prisoners were taken, but the greater part of the men locked themselves in, and as the alarm was now given and a number of loyalists were coming to the rescue, Dick decided to retire.

The arrival of Bob and his boys created a diversion, the Tories evidently thinking that another force of Continentals was coming, falling back. Delancey was not present, but there were numbers of his men coming, and Dick mounted his brave lads, took his prisoners, and hurried away, having made a successful attack, even if he did not care to keep it up.

"Liberty forever!" shouted the daring fellows, as they rode away at a gallop. "Down with the Tories!"

"We'll come back pretty soon and give you another surprise!" roared Ben, and all the boys laughed heartily.

They had taken a score of prisoners, disabled the field pieces and given the garrison and all the Tories in the neighborhood a thorough fright, and that was quite enough for a while.

"Not a bad night's work, boys?" asked Sam, as they went dashing away at full speed.

"Not at all," added Harry. "These fellows will be likely to remember it. I'll warrant!"

"And they were going to attack the 'rebels,' as they call us," laughed Will Freeman. "I think they will change their minds now."

CHAPTER V.—Dick in the Toils.

After breakfast the next morning Dick determined to go over to the island side of the bridge and see if the enemy were making any preparations to cross the river to the mainland to make their expected attack. Putting on an ordinary suit of clothing and looking like any other boy of the region, he set out on a common-looking horse, and took his way toward King's Bridge.

He had nearly reached the bridge when ahead he saw a cloud of dust, and reined in, wondering whether the redcoats were making a sort of

preliminary sortie, but soon discovered the cause of the commotion. He heard a succession of grunts, intermingled with squeals, the source of which was absolutely unmistakable. Giving rein to his horse, he continued leisurely on his way, having no further interest, as he then supposed, in the business ahead.

When he got on the spot, however, whence the commingling of sounds came, he stopped again, an amused spectator of the proceedings, for a farmer of short temper was trying to convoy a drove of pigs across the bridge against the latter's will. The farmer shouted and the pigs squealed, running this way and that, the farmer after them. Every time he got them in some semblance of order, and was proceeding to drive them straight ahead, a foot passenger or a horseman would appear, and the pigs would more or less disappear, crowding each other toward the bridge railing, to the imminent danger of both bridge and pigs.

As often as he got them together on the bridge so often a part of them got back on land, the exasperated farmer exploiting language at least vivid if not choice, while Dick sat on his horse and enjoyed the proceedings. Then it occurred to him that he might make use of the farmer and his unruly charges to get across the bridge and into the redcoats' territory undetected.

"Want any help, farmer?" he drawled. "I'm some'at used to pigs myself, an' know their pesky ways."

The farmer observed his presence for the first time, so much taken up had he been with his pigs. He regarded him a trifle suspiciously at first.

"What d'you want? There ain't much profit in pigs now."

Dick knew better, for the redcoats were fond of good living, and the farmer would have no difficulty in disposing of his pigs at a good price.

"That so? I'm sorry, for an extry shillin' would come in handy jest now."

"Give you sixpence," growled the farmer, who would have gladly given the shilling had he not seen the chance of getting his help for less.

"All right; that's better'n nothin'."

Dick kept on one side, while the farmer walked on the other, and, being on horseback, could move quicker than the former, who was stiff and rheumatic at best. They had little trouble till they neared the pickets, when all sorts of trouble began. It seemed as if every individual pig had a date in a different direction, and was going to keep it.

The farmer perspired and shouted, and Dick rode hither and thither at the risk of the sentries' legs and the pigs' peace of mind. The sentries remonstrated and threatened, the pigs squealed and grunted, the farmer shouted and dodged in and out among them all, while Dick, seeing that the attention of all concerned was strictly engaged elsewhere, quietly rode onward past the outposts toward the city. He reached the tavern near which he had rescued the gypsy girl from Black George, and had been the cause of Bill Burgess' impromptu bath in the watering trough, and there left his horse, thinking to be freer in his movements afoot, as well as less conspicuous. He did not enter the tavern itself, it being still too early for anything of importance to be hap-

pening there, but walked out a back door, as on the former occasion, making his way around to the street in front, which was almost deserted. There seemed nothing to be learned there, but still he lingered, hoping to see the gypsy fortuneteller, who might have something to report.

Instead he saw some gypsy men who, however, were not near enough for him to see whether Black George was one of them. They were coming toward him, so he withdrew into the shelter of a convenient doorway, and began fussing at his shoes, taking one off, and shaking it well to empty it of any pebbles that might have found their way therein. The gypsies approached, stood for a few moments in front of the tavern door, and then passed onward toward the creek, Dick making haste to put on his shoes, and follow, in hopes of catching some chance word that might serve his purpose. Their encampment was not far from the old mill where Dick had met the gypsy girl, and been given the secret of the hidden passage to the big house on the hill overlooking the river.

He sauntered up toward the camp, assuming a clownish air, staring about him, as if he had never seen anything of the like before. He approached some children who were playing a little distance from where the wagons were stationed and asked, in his drawling tone:

"Is this the place where you c'n get your fortin told?"

"Yes, sir," answered the girl. "Back there," pointing somewhere toward the rear.

Dick kept on, observing everything around him all the while, till he came up to some women, one of whom was cooking something over a small fire.

"Does the young gentleman want his fortune told?" she asked, in a wheedling manner.

Dick's face broke into an expansive grin.

"Huh! I ain't no young gentleman; I'm jes' a farmer's boy."

The gypsy's manner changed.

"Have you any silver to cross my palm?" she asked suspiciously.

"I got this," and he held up a shilling. "Can you tell me any part of a fortin for that?"

The woman held out her palm, and Dick awkwardly dropped the coin therein, instead of crossing her palm. She told him some sort of fortune, to which he did not listen, as his eyes were alert for what might be about him, hoping yet to get some sign of the gypsy girl spy. When the woman relinquished his hand, Dick looked at it in astonishment, saying after a long scrutiny:

"Ain't it wunnerful now that you can see all that writin' there, when I can't see nothin' but jest some creases!"

The gypsy woman locked up at him, and then answered:

"You've got a lot of creases in your hand for a farmer's boy. Generally their hands are so hard and rough that the creases don't show."

"I ain't been workin' hard lately; been laid off."

But her surprise at the condition of his hand gave him a hint that it might be just as well for him to get away from the gypsies at that time, so he went back toward the road, and there came suddenly face to face with Black George. The latter, however, paid little or no attention to him, so Dick passed by, well satisfied that the

man had not seen through his disguise. The woman who had told Dick's fortune happened to be Black George's wife, and when he asked her if any one had been in she told him about the country boy whose fortune she had told and whose hand did not show farm work.

"Did he give you anything?" asked Black George, showing more interest in the monetary result than in the condition of the boy's hand.

"A shilling."

"H'm! Couldn't you get any more?"

"He didn't have it."

Black George asked after dinner, and on being informed it would be ready in an hour, went into one of the wagons for a nap. Meanwhile Dick went on, looking for information concerning the enemy's contemplated movements. He went back to the tavern and ordered dinner, and while waiting for it sat reading a paper. In a little while two men entered and sat down at an adjoining table. Though not in uniform, Dick, recognized one of them as the officer from whom he had taken the important papers, which he had secured by the gypsy girl's aid. He listened to their conversation, without seeming to do so, but neither said anything of importance. Dick finished sooner than they, and, having paid his score, went outside, where he awaited the British officer and his friend.

It was some little time before they came, and then Dick followed in their wake. They were on foot, and did not seem to have any particular business on hand, but paid several visits in town, and then turned their steps toward the house on the hill. As Dick was sauntering along, keeping the two Englishmen in sight, he came upon Bill Burgess, but passed him so quickly that the latter did not notice him. Later he saw Black George approach the two Englishmen, several gypsies who had been with him remaining away a little distance apart. After saying a few words to the British officer, Black George returned to his companions, one of the women being his wife, and the one who had told Dick's fortune. She said a few words to her husband, and pointed to Dick at the same time. The man gave him a sharp look, then started a little, and came nearer. At the same moment Bill Burgess also came up.

"Isn't that Dick Slater, the rebel spy, and the one that robbed me of my daughter?" asked Black George hastily of Bill Burgess.

"Yes, that's him!" yelled Bill excitedly. "Catch him! Catch him!"

Dick heard the last words, and was off like a flash of lightning. He dashed off toward the creek, and, coming near the old mill, rushed into it. Black George, Bill Burgess, and some of the gypsies were at his heels. He had no chance to conceal himself, but ran out at the other end, to find the two Englishmen had gone that way. Dick threw himself at the two men, knocking one down and staggering the other, and would have got away even then if several redcoats had not been passing near by, and hearing the commotion, had come to see the cause of it. Dick saw it was useless to prolong the struggle, and gave himself up, allowing them to bind his hands behind him and to take him back into the mill without protest.

"Are you Dick Slater?" asked the officer, who had not seen Dick's face.

"If I should deny it, you would not believe me," replied Dick.

"At least he's no country bumpkin," said the officer to his companion.

Just then Bill Burgess forced himself in the presence of the officer, in spite of the efforts of the redcoats to prevent him.

"That's Dick Slater, the rebel spy, and there's a reward for his capture, and I was the one what knew him first, and I want you all to remember it."

"Who is this fellow, and what does he mean by intruding himself in this manner?" demanded the officer haughtily.

Bill Burgess cringed at once.

"I beg your pardon, sir, but it was me that knew him first, and I thought if you would speak a good word for me, I might get the money—or some of it, at least."

"Take him away!" ordered the officer, paying no further attention to Bill Burgess. Turning to the gypsy, he said:

"Where can we put him for the present? It is too open here."

"There's a room upstairs that's in good condition, where he could be kept for a space. He could make all the noise he wanted to, and no one would be likely to hear him. Besides, who would want to help a rebel escape?"

"Very well, carry him up there. See that he is securely bound. Find out all you can about him, and then report to me. A few days' confinement and enforced abstinence from food and drink may make him more communicative," and the officer turned away with a laugh, anxious to keep his engagement. Black George, aided by two of the gypsies, carried Dick upstairs, bound hand and foot, and left him face downward on the floor.

At the door Black George looked back, and paused long enough to say:

"Good-by for the present, my good spy. When we come back in one, two, t'ree day, you will be more glad to see us."

Dick paid no attention to his remarks, and waited till he heard the key turn in the lock, and the sounds of the men's retreating footsteps die away before he made any attempt to change his position. He rolled over on his back and looked about him. He was in a big bare room that had evidently been used to store grain. There was but one door to the room, and the two windows were placed too high to see out of without standing on something. There seemed to be a lot of lumber and rubbish stored in one corner, that from its looks had not been disturbed in years.

He looked around for something sharp on which he might cut the rope that bound his wrists, but could see nothing sharper than the beams that were a part of the room. He tried to bring his arms in front of him, but he was bound too tightly for that to be possible.

He did not lose courage, however, for he had been in more immediate danger than his present situation many times, and had always come out right. Perhaps the boys would discover his place of confinement, for he knew they would be out on the hunt for him if he did not return within a certain time. He raised himself up to a sit-

ting posture, and then, by hitching along, got to the wall, against which he rested his back, and thus materially eased his position.

CHAPTER VI.—The Escape from the Mill.

His position was not a comfortable one, his limbs were sore and strained, and his back ached intolerably. He tried to ease his position by sliding down prone on the floor, and was trying once more to compose himself to sleep, when he heard a sound that did not proceed from the outside and was not caused by the disturbed elements without. He listened intently, but there was so much confusion of noises between the wind and dashing rain, that he could distinguish nothing definite. It was something inside the room.

"Probably a rat," muttered Dick to himself, rather disgustedly.

Still he was on his guard, for rats had been known to be dangerous opponents when rendered desperate by hunger.

"He's over in that pile of rubbish," he thought, and he squirmed around till he faced the direction whence proceeded the sound and where he supposed the rubbish heap to lie.

He strained his eyes, but the darkness was intense, there being absolutely no shadows. Presently he saw a gleam of light. Could it be possible they had fired the mill? If so, his condition was indeed desperate, for he was helpless, bound as he was hand and foot, locked in, the heavy door too strong to be beaten down, even if he had his hands free. He tried to smell smoke, and thought he detected it.

"They may be firing the mill below, expecting to smoke me into submission," he muttered.

Still he kept his eyes fixed on the tiny ray of light that appeared to proceed from below. Then it grew strong enough for him to perceive something in the darkness, and he thought he saw a motion in the rubbish piled against the wall. It could not be possible for any one to have come to his rescue, for the boys could not have discovered his place of confinement so soon. The light grew brighter, the rubbish was pushed apart, and a hand holding a lantern appeared. Dick watched with fascinated eyes. Then a head followed, and a low voice asked:

"Are you awake?"

"Yes," replied Dick. "But who are you?"

"A friend," was the reply, in a voice that Dick did not recognize, being muffled and low.

The lantern was deposited on the floor, and then the rubbish was pushed farther aside, and a slender figure raised itself through a hole in the floor, and Dick saw the face of the gypsy girl spy.

"Oh, Ruth, is it you? How did you know I was here, and how did you get up through the floor?"

The girl gave a little laugh of satisfaction.

"The gypsy fortune-teller knows more than she is given credit for," she answered. "She was not far off when you were captured, for she feared there might be trouble, and she was on the watch. She knew also that the chimney ran up through this room and that the flooring had

fallen away, and was covered by a pile of rubbish, as she did not impart her knowledge to Black George as a dutiful daughter should," and she gave a mocking little laugh as she shook the dust and cinders off her clothes and came toward where Dick lay.

"You poor boy," she murmured, as she saw how he was bound.

She had brought a knife with her, and she made short work of cutting the ropes that bound Dick's wrists. He took the knife from her hands and tried to cut the ropes that bound his ankles, but his fingers were so stiff and numb that the knife almost fell from his grasp.

"Let me do it," she said, and in a moment more his legs were also free.

He rose to his feet and took several turns about the room to regain control of his limbs, and to restore the impeded circulation. It took but a few moments to regain his normal condition, and then he expressed his readiness to leave his prison quarters.

"Can you go down the way I came up?" she asked.

"I can do what you can," he replied.

"I have not the key to the door, and was afraid to try and get it, but I really did not need it, for I knew of this opening, having hidden once here from Black George himself when he was in a temper, and I was afraid he would kill me."

"How did he ever get possession of you?" asked Dick, who was always interested in others' troubles, and ready to help if he could.

"Oh, I cannot tell you now. First, we must get away, and you must return to your camp, for it is not safe for you here."

"You are right," replied Dick. "Shall I go first, or will you lead?"

"I know the way best," she answered simply, and picking up the lantern from the floor, she disclosed the hole through which she had entered the room and prepared to descend.

Dick then saw that she had made use of the uneven surface of the inside of the chimney to make the ascent, and there was no trouble to get down.

"Pull the rubbish over the hole," she whispered. "Give them as much trouble as we can. Won't they be surprised when they come for you, and won't they wonder how you got away! It will seem to them that you vanished in the air, or rode out of the window like a witch," and she gave a joyful little chuckle at the thought of how cleverly she had outwitted Dick's enemies.

Once outside, Dick told Ruth to go home, for he could find his way back to camp alone, but she would not consent, saying that she might yet be of use to him. She did not lead him back toward the bridge, but farther down along the creek, where she found a boat tied up under the shelter of the shore. The waters had risen considerably, and were rushing swiftly along down the creek.

"Can you manage a boat in this storm?" she asked, a little anxiously.

"If I can keep the boat headed right, the water will do the rest," replied Dick. "I'll chance it. I've been through worse waters than this to-night."

As he loosened the moorings and turned to

say good night, to his surprise he found the gypsy girl was stepping in the boat with him.

"You might better go back," he said hastily. "At best we'll get a wetting, and there's no telling what the worst will be."

"I am ready to take the chances, the same as you," she said. "Besides, there are more dangers than the ones coming from a stormy night."

She said no more, but Dick understood that in attempting to rescue him she had incurred considerable danger herself. He pushed out into the water, which was almost a flood by this time, and using one oar as a paddle, tried to guide the boat through the turbulent tide.

However, Dick was enabled to guide the boat in the current, and finally reaching a broader part of the creek, headed her toward the opposite shore, which was reached just as the clouds were beginning to break away. As he stepped ashore and pulled the boat after him, so that Ruth might find a dry landing place, the girl sprang lightly out and ran past him, waiting for no further thanks, and without so much as a wave of the hand in farewell. Dick found himself some miles from the camp of the Liberty Boys, and in no condition to make the tramp across the rough, broken country after his night of hardship and abstinences from food since noon of the previous day. He was wet through, the water-soaked clothing making each step more of a task. Still he knew he must push onward, and he kept on doggedly, walking in the direction of the camp.

Then he thought that perhaps some of the boys might be out looking for him, as they always did when his absence was unexplained, and he gave one of their signals. No answer coming, he repeated it, and then it seemed to him that an answering note came from the distance. He repeated his cry, and this time he was certain that there was a reply. Then he kept up the call at intervals, and every time it was repeated the sound was nearer, and before long the bushes were dashed aside, and from them ran Mark, Sam, and others with a cry of triumph.

They did not wait for any explanation from Dick, nor did they tell him then that the boys were out in all directions scouring the country for him, but picked him up bodily and carried him back to camp, where the boys on guard gave them a rousing welcome for his beloved captain. Dick hastily got into some dry clothing, then ate his breakfast with good appetite, to the delight of the Irish cook's heart, and the German assistant's less extravagantly expressed satisfaction.

Then he lay down and had a long sleep, waking later in the day in as fit a condition as if he had not passed the night under so unfavorable conditions. He had to tell the boys all about his adventures, and to thank them for their concern in his behalf.

CHAPTER VII.—The Gypsy Girl in a New Guise.

The redcoats had not yet come across the creek to Westchester, and, as Dick had discovered their intention by his clever spying, they might not, but would make a landing farther up the river, and take the patriots by surprise. He

was debating what to do about the matter, resolving to wait a reasonable time to see if the intended assault were made, when he heard a noise at the outer edge of the camp, and went forward to see what it might mean. Reaching the spot, he saw a little old woman, bent nearly double, with white hair and no teeth, who was offering to tell the boys' fortunes for a few pennies. She leaned on a staff, wore a long red cloak and a stuff petticoat, and was unmistakably a gypsy.

"We don't want our fortunes told, Granny," Ben was saying, "but if you need the money, we'll gladly let you have it."

"I can tell many strange things, young gentlemen," piped up the old crone, in a high key. "Be charitable to a poor old woman."

"Not so old as you seem, my girl," laughed Dick. "This is a disguise, I suppose, to enable you to pass through the enemy's lines?"

Bob and the other boys looked surprised, but, all of a sudden, the supposed old crone straightened up, threw back her cloak, tore off her white wig, and laughed heartily, revealing herself as the gypsy girl spy of Harlem.

"You are very observing, captain," she said. "I could deceive the young gentlemen, but not you."

"Jove! but you deceived me," said Bob, "and I am generally on the lookout for anything of that sort."

The boys were greatly surprised, for none of them had guessed that the little old woman was in reality a young and fresh girl, and they were warm in praise of her cleverness.

"It is not often that I am deceived, Ruth," said Dick, "but that is because I am a spy myself, very likely, and I am on the watch for others in the same line. You have news of importance to tell me?"

"They have another expedition, but what it is I have not learned. I thought it was better to tell you. You are the better spy, and perhaps it will be nothing for you to find things, where I cannot."

"I may do it," smiling, "but it will be a task if you have had trouble. We may work together, and thus do better work than if we worked independently."

"You will help me more than I shall help you, captain," replied the gypsy girl.

"I don't know," said Dick quietly. "You have shown a great deal of cleverness in eluding the spies of the enemy, and in learning the intentions of the enemy, and I think you will be able to help me materially. In fact, you have already done so in effecting my escape and in securing the officer's despatches the other night."

"Black George was just too late at that time," laughed Ruth. "He and the officer have sworn vengeance against me, and you also."

"Then if we are coupled in that regard," with a light laugh, "I do not see why we should not work together against the enemy."

"You can trust to Dick Slater to get you out of any trouble you may get into on his account, my girl," observed Bob.

"Yes, I know, but perhaps I cannot get him out of trouble so easy."

"We will try not to get into any, either of us," Dick replied, smiling. "Have you ever worn boys' clothes?"

"Yes, often," laughing.

"Then you are used to them, and will not appear awkward?"

"No, for I have worn them often."

"Very good. I will provide you with a suit, and I will put on an ordinary suit myself. We will be two country boys together. We should elude the vigilance of the guards and of the gypsies, also, if he be in the neighborhood."

The gypsy girl was then provided with a full suit of boys' clothing, of good fit and modest appearance, and went into a tent to make the change, while Dick was putting on his own disguise. When she reappeared she looked like a very trim and graceful boy, and the Liberty Boys hailed her with delight. Dick shortly appeared, handing a brace of pistols to the girl, saying:

"You know how to use these? You may need them."

"Yes, I know; but I trust we will not want them."

"It is as well to be provided with the means of defense. Get two horses, Sam. We do not need to walk, and we can leave the animals anywhere."

Sam Sanderson presently brought up two horses which would not attract attention and which were speedy as well, and Dick and the gypsy girl mounted, the latter as lightly as any boy, and then they rode away. The Liberty Boys made no demonstration, for some one might be passing the camp whose suspicions would be aroused.

"It may be as well not to go over the bridge, Ruth," Dick observed, as they were riding on at a good gait.

"It will be watched, and any one coming from this side will be regarded with suspicion, to be sure," the gypsy replied.

"We have a boat in which we can cross. It will take us across the Harlem and not far from the old house, but that will not be out of our way any. There are redcoats there, and we may even pay another visit to the house itself."

"Back George knows of the secret passage now," the gypsy girl said shortly.

"Then it may not be wise to use it, but we will trust to circumstances. It may help us, or it may not. We can judge better of that later."

Nearing the point where he and Bob had left the boat, they dismounted, left their horses at a tavern, and said they would shortly return. No one suspected but that they were two country boys, for such they looked, and they passed without comment. Making their way to the shore, Dick found the boat where they had put it, helped the gypsy girl in, and then pushed off, springing in lightly as it glided out into the stream. They passed Fort No. 8, which was one of the redoubts the British had erected previous to crossing the Harlem prior to the attack on Fort Washington.

They landed not far from the secret entrance to the house on the hill, and walked along the bank after hiding the boat in the bushes, presently seeing a crowd of rough-looking boys approaching.

"There are Zeke Mudge, Pug Hodge, and more of the same sort," said Dick. "I don't see Bill

Burgess, and I don't think the others will know us."

"They are some of the boys who were about when I had the trouble with the gypsy, and you went into the tavern," the girl replied.

"Yes, and they are a bad lot. Seeing just two strange boys alone, they may try to make trouble for us. Leave it to me."

Hodge, Mudge and the rest came up presently, and Zeke Mudge, glaring at Dick, said impudently:

"You look putty well purvived fur. Got any money?"

"Shouldn't wonder if I had, sonny," drawled Dick. "And, what's more, I'm goin' to keep it. Guess you must be a rebel, wantin' money. They generally do."

"Don't you call us rebels!" snarled Pug Hodge, coming to the rescue. "Do you want to fight?"

"What fur? I don't want to hurt you, bub."

The contemptuous manner in which Dick addressed the Tory boys impressed them with the idea that he had no fear of them, and they became less aggressive.

"You don't want to call us rebels, 'less you want to fight," muttered another, from the rear.

"Well, if you ain't rebels, it's all right. I lick rebels myself. Where was you goin'?"

"Who are you, anyhow?" asked Pug. "We never seen you around here. Strangers always pay toll, don't you know that? You got to give us each two pence for a half pint o' ale."

At that moment Dick saw the gypsy man, Black George, coming along the road.

"Oh, I have, hey? Do you see that man yonder? He's a constable, and if I tell him, he'll lock up every one o' you. Get out o' here!"

Then Dick made a sudden feint to strike Pug, which caused that worthy to fall back so suddenly that he upset Mudge and a couple more of the boys, the others suddenly scattering, thinking there was going to be trouble.

"Come!" whispered Dick. "We will brazen it out, and the man won't know us. Hallo! There are some redcoats!"

The two supposed country boys went on, and soon met the gypsy, who looked sharply at them, and asked:

"Who you are? What you do around here?"

"Mind your business, you black-muzzed pirate!" retorted Dick. "By gum! ain't you the fellow what broke out o' jail last week? You look just like the printed placards of him. Come on, Tom, this fellow is a thief, and he'll steal your pennies."

The gypsy glared angrily at the two boys, and tried to seize the lesser, as more likely to be overpowered. The boy dodged, however, and then Dick struck the man a resounding blow on the cheek with his open hand, mutterinng:

"Hit a fellow of your own size, you pirate! Come on, Tom."

Then they hurried on, while the gypsy growled and felt in his coat for a knife, hurrying after the boys. Two or three redcoats now appeared, and Dick, hurrying toward them, said excitedly:

"That's an escaped rebel back there. You want to arrest him or he will be making trouble."

"By George, I believe the boy is right," declar-

ed the very lieutenant with whom Dick had struggled in the house on the hill. "I have noticed that he was acting very suspiciously of late."

Then the redcoats hurried along and shortly stopped the gypsy, while Dick and the disguised girl went on, turned a bend in the road, and then made their way between two buildings and were quickly out of sight.

"He did not recognize us?" asked the fortuneteller.

"No, nor the redcoats, either."

CHAPTER VIII.—A Bit of News.

Reaching a quiet street in Harlem, Dick presently noticed a number of redcoats going into a sleepy-looking old tavern setting back of the road among the trees, and having a dingy old sign swinging from a worm-eaten pole in front.

"This is a great resort for redcoats," said Dick. "The old ale and the strong cheese appeal to them, and then the place is quiet, and they can talk without fear of interruption, which is very important."

They entered and Dick and the gypsy girl took seats in a corner where they could hear all that was said, although there was some confusion, and every one was talking at the same time.

"When is the expedition going out, Jarvis, and whence?" asked one of the redcoats seated near the newcomer.

"It is to go up the river as far as Peekskill, or some of their heathen-named towns. There is too much killing among the rebels, Peekskill and Fishkill and Kill von Kull, Kaaterskill, and all the other Kills. One would think the rebels were a doughty race, with so many Kills in their talk."

"The Hollanders are responsible for that. But never mind the Dutch names. When does the expedition set out? It goes up the river?"

"Aye, with a lot of ships and a goodly force of men, and we're to seize everything we can find and drive away all the rebels that show themselves, and to destroy what we cannot take away with us."

"That's all very well, Jarvis, but when do we start? I'm to have a moonlight stroll with the miller's pretty daughter, and I trust I shall not have to postpone it."

"That I cannot tell you, but I know it will be soon."

"We have heard all that we will, I think," said Dick. "The talkative lieutenant does not know the date of the expedition. That we'll have to learn elsewhere. There is little use in longer remaining here."

They were rising to leave the place when Black George came into the tavern and looked about him.

"There is a rebel spy about, gentlemen," he said. "Be careful how you speak before strangers."

The officers at the table nearest to the two supposed boys turned and looked at them, and then did not give them a second glance. The gypsy came forward and went on:

"Dick Slater, the rebel is in the district; he have come over in a boat, for cause dat de bridge is watch."

"Well, find him, gypsy," said one, "and we'll share the reward with you. What is it to say that the rascal is about when you don't find him? Anybody can raise an alarm."

Black George was somewhat disconcerted by the indifference of the redcoats, and another one said:

"You came in here to get a drink, gypsy, thinking that we would fill your pewter because you mentioned the spy. Find him, man, and then say what you have to say."

"Get out o' the way!" said Dick, pushing the man aside roughly. "I guess you're the same fellow that tried to rob me an' Tom a while ago."

The redcoats laughed, and Dick went on.

"Trying the kinchin lay, are you, gypsy?" laughed one. "Think that is safer than robbing grown-ups, do you?"

In gypsy parlance a "kinchin" is a child, many of these wandering gentry having a habit of robbing children, hence the allusion was understood by George, who scowled and snarled:

"Slater come over in de boat, but I have miss him. Dis boy might be Dick Slater, yes?"

The laugh was louder than before, and Dick went on.

"Well, well, you are clever, gypsy!"

"Take that stupid bumpkin for one of the cleverest spies alive? You must wake up, George!"

"That's the richest joke of the year! Wouldn't Slater feel complimented, gentlemen?"

In the midst of the hilarity which these remarks occasioned, Dick and the gypsy girl passed out of the room and then to the road.

"Some one saw me cross, and has told him," said Dick. "He did not recognize us, but we must hasten."

"Then if they know we came over in the boat, they may be watching the place where we left it, thinking that we will return."

"Perhaps. We must ascertain."

They hurried back to the shore, and saw two or three of the boys they had met hanging near where they had left the boat, with one or two men in their company.

"It looks suspicious," observed Dick, "but they do not seem to have found the boat. I do not know the man with them, and he may not be one of the enemy."

As Dick and Ruth approached, the boys ran away, but the man remained, saying to Dick:

"Have you a boat? I wish to get over to the other side. There are so many redcoats around the bridge, and they ask so many questions that I do not like to go there. These boys said some one had a boat, but they did not know where it was."

"You want to cross over?" asked Dick, who did not see any harm in the man before him. "Where are you going?"

"Up into Westchester. My home is near Peekskill Landing, near to Lent's Cove. I am looking for some one, but I am afraid I shall never find him."

The man had a sad look in his face, and did not seem to be altogether in his right mind, but

was harmless, apparently, for all that. Dick now saw other boys and some men approaching and said hastily:

"Yes, I have a boat. Make haste; I am pursued by the enemy."

"Redcoats? All right; I'll go with you," and the man hurried alongside Dick, who quickly drew out the boat and shoved it into the water.

The man and Ruth got in the former, looking fixedly at the girl, who was somewhat embarrassed by the attention, as she thought her sex was discovered.

"You're a pretty good-looking boy," the stranger said, as he took his seat. "You make me think of some one, but I can't think who it is."

"Hallo! Come back here!" shouted the men and boys, running down the bank as Dick pushed out.

He picked up the oars without a word and pulled steadily, being soon well out from shore.

"Hallo! Come back here; that's my boat!" shouted one of the men, as he reached the shore.

"All right; I'll leave it on the other side," answered Dick, pulling steadily ahead.

The man continued to shout and threaten, but Dick went on as steadily toward the other shore, finally making a landing.

"You'll find the boat here," he shouted back, as he tied it up and set out for the tavern where he had left the horses.

"Good-by, sir," said the stranger. "If you should ever come to my part of the country, stop and see me. My name is Yost—Michael Yost. Any one will tell you where I live."

"Thank you, sir; I may look you up. You are a good patriot?"

"Well, I guess I am!" emphatically. "You two boys ought to be doing something for your country."

"Oh, we are," replied Dick. "Well, good day. I trust I may see you again shortly."

"It's funny I can't think who that boy with you reminds me of, but I can't. Pretty good-looking fellow, isn't he?"

"Yes, quite so," returned Dick carelessly; and then he and Ruth resumed their journey, went to the tavern, got their horses, and rode on.

"He is a strange man," said the girl.

"Yes, quite. Shall you go all the way with me, or will you return to the island?"

"No, I will go ahead. I will wear my gypsy clothes, because they are of use to me sometimes. Gypsies may go anywhere, and I can learn things. I will go to Peekskill."

"Then you may see us sooner than you think," with a smile. "It is more than likely that we shall go there ourselves, and very shortly."

Within half a mile of the camp they met Bob and the two girls coming to meet them.

"Any news, Bob?" asked Dick.

"No, but the girls came, and I thought we might as well ride ahead and meet you. Did you learn anything yourself?"

"Yes; there is to be an expedition sent out against Peekskill some time within a little while. We could not learn just when it was going out, but it is certain to do so."

"You are a very nice-looking boy, my girl," laughed Alice, looking at Ruth, who blushed.

"Then you know me?" she said.

"Yes. Are you not afraid to use such disguises?"

"Oh, no; for very few know me. To-day I have been where there are men in plenty, and they do not know the difference."

"Trust my sister to guess a thing of that sort," laughed Bob. "She is nearly as good as Dick himself for detecting disguises."

"Not all, Bob," laughed Alice; "but I can always tell a girl in boy's clothes."

Reaching the camp, Dick found that Ruth had changed her clothes and had left, saying that she was going to Peekskill to keep an eye on the enemy.

"She has certainly lost no time," remarked Bob. "Well, if any one can find out anything, we will."

"She believes that the expedition is a certain thing, and means to warn the people," declared Dick. "In case it has really been decided to send it, what she has done is all right, and shows her devotion to the cause. We are not likely to be long behind her, however, for I shall set out the instant I receive instructions."

Several of the boys were at once despatched to the commanding general with the information Dick had received, and returned in an hour or so with the word that Dick was to set out for Peekskill as soon as convenient.

"Then we will go immediately after dinner," decided Dick, and all the boys gave a hearty cheer.

CHAPTER IX.—A Duel With the Gypsy.

The Liberty Boys did not wait until after dinner to begin preparations for the march, but set about getting ready as soon as Dick announced his decision. Many of the tents were taken down and much of the baggage packed before dinner, so that there would be less to do afterward. Everything was done by dinner-time, and immediately after the boys set out, the girls going with them and proud of their escort. The girls did not have it all the way home, however, as that would have taken the boys out of their way, but they had company for some distance, and were cheered by all the boys when they at last parted company. The boys did not go all the way that day, but halted at night, and formed a temporary camp, intending to go on the next day.

Fires were lighted and a watch kept upon the river, near which they had their camp, so that they would see the enemy if the latter came up the river that night. Nothing had been seen of the gypsy girl since their departure from the old camp, and some of the boys wondered where she had gone. They saw nothing of the man calling himself Michael Yost, either, but supposed he had found some way to get home.

The boys spent some time about the fire, talking and laughing or doing any necessary work they had on hand, but at last they dropped off by twos and threes till only the sentries were to be seen, and all was quiet in camp, the fires gradually dying down till they gave out only the faintest glimmer. The boys did not expect to be visited by the enemy, but they were always vigilant and never neglected to have a guard, although there might not be a foe within miles.

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15-18
are missing

have just heard of a child being stolen, but whether from around here or not, I don't know. Has Yost always lived hereabout?"

"I reckon he has, but I couldn't tell you. There is Yosts in different parts of the State."

There were no redcoats in sight now, and Dick and his little party set off toward the house of Michael Yost, which the farmer told them was a rambling, unpainted structure two stories in height in parts, and only one in others. The boys set off in the direction indicated, and at length came in sight of the house, recognizing it at a glance.

"Hallo!" cried Bob suddenly. "It seems as if the redcoats were going to bother the man, after all, for all that the farmer didn't think they would."

"Yes, it does look like it," said Dick, who, like Bob, had suddenly seen a party of redcoats dashing toward the house.

The boys set off at a gallop, and were almost upon the redcoats before the latter saw them. Some of them had already entered the house, but now came out in haste as the alarm was given, and with them a man whom Dick and all the rest of the boys knew in a moment. It was the gypsy, and under his arm he had a brass-bound box which, no doubt, contained valuables. Yost was pursuing him, but, as he reached the door, the gypsy turned and struck the man down.

"After the ruffian!" cried Dick, and in a moment the boys let the redcoats go and gave chase to the gypsy.

Grasping the brass-bound box firmly, the man raced across the road, leaped the fence at a bound, and dove into the woods. These extended to the river, and a little creek on one side, and were quite thick, the scoundrel evidently hoping to elude the boys by taking to them. Firing a volley at the redcoats to keep them running, the boys dismounted and entered the woods, three or four only being left to look out for the horses.

The gypsy tried to shake the boys off, endeavored to double on his tracks, and made use of one trick and another, but all to no purpose, for the boys kept him constantly in sight and gained on him every moment. Dick did not care to fire upon him, not so much for fear of bringing the redcoats upon them as that he believed he could catch him without doing so, and he never fired an unnecessary shot.

George was provided with pistols, and he presently turned and fired at the two leaders, hoping to bring down one of them. They saw the flash, and as quick as lightning stepped behind trees, the bullets passing them without doing any hurt.

"Let him fire all he wants to," muttered Bob. "It only takes time, and by and by he will want those shots, and he won't have any."

The boys had glided ahead while shielded by the trees, and really gained more upon the gypsy than if he had not fired. He presently sent in another shot, and again the boys gained, Ben, Sam, and the rest gaining upon Dick and Bob also, so that they were rapidly closing in upon the fugitive. He reached the little creek and leaped in trying to hide in the bushes along the bank, and so double on his course while the boys were searching for him.

Dick quickly signaled to the boys behind to

run along both sides of the creek, doing this by using sounds in nature and not by spoken words, so that the gypsy might not know his intentions. He was quickly routed from his hiding place, and found that if he tried to double he would be caught, and so hurried on desperately. The creek was very shallow farther on, and the boys could run along its bed almost dry-shod, and therefore the man left it, being in danger of capture if he remained in it. Then he turned toward the river and made his way as rapidly as he could, taking to as open country as he could find, and abandoning the wilder and more tangled parts as taking up too much time.

Dick and Bob had not lost sight of him once since the chase began, and were gaining materially, being as fresh as at first, while the gypsy was showing signs of great fatigue. Black George dashed into the strip of woods bordering the river, and plunged through it, reaching a high bank only a few yards in advance of Dick Slater. Then he rushed forward and leaped out with a spring, making a good leap before he began to fall. He cleared all obstructions, and, striking the water squarely, feet first, disappeared like a stone. Dick and Bob halted on the brink, and the other boys shortly came up, spreading along shore. There were three or four boats anchored a little out from shore, each with one or two redcoats in it, and when the man came up he swam toward one of these and was taken in.

"Well, he has escaped us now," observed Dick. "But he is like a moth that constantly returns to the flame, and we will see him again."

The gypsy was taken into the boat, and shook his fist at the boys on the bank above, but they only laughed, and Bob shouted back:

"Aye, shake your fist, you black-muzzled thief, but we'll have you yet for all your friends, the redcoats."

"The fellow did not take his box with him when he leaped into the water," said Dick. "I think he must have hidden it somewhere along the creek. Suppose we hunt for it."

They retraced their steps, keeping on both sides of the creek when they reached the point where George had left it, and searching in every little nook where the man might have hidden the brass-bound box.

Three or four of the boys looked under the bushes at the edge of the brook, and in a few moments came upon the box hidden under a stone and hurriedly covered with dry leaves.

CHAPTER XII.—The Truth at Last.

The boys brought the box to Dick, who took it and said:

"This belongs to Michael Yost, so we will take it back to him and learn more about this mysterious affair. We may prove that Ruth is his daughter, stolen by the gypsies. Strange if it should prove so, is it not?"

"Yes, but we are all the time meeting with just as strange events," replied Bob.

They all went back, finding no redcoats near the house nor in sight, and, seeing them coming, Yost came out.

"So you got the box, did you, captain?" he asked, taking it from Dick. "The scoundrel knew I wanted that. Did you catch him?"

"No; he leaped into the river and escaped. The redcoats took him in."

"Yes, and he'll take them in—the sneak! He'll pretend to work for any one, but he'll sell 'em out the first chance he gets."

"Then you know him?" Dick asked.

"Know him! I should say I did. The scamp stole a horse of mine, and I had him convicted and sent to jail, and when he got out he stole my little girl, and I've been trying to find her ever since. I hadn't seen the man in years, but I knew him. He couldn't keep away. Wanted to do me more mischief, set the redcoats to burning the house, and stealing all they could lay their hands on. The baby's things are in that box. If he could get hold of them, I couldn't prove anything. He's a thief and always was, and he will come to the gallows if somebody doesn't shoot him first."

"How old was the little girl when she was stolen?"

"Three or four years. She wouldn't remember me, it isn't likely, but I'd know her, and then I've got a miniature in that box, and I don't believe she'd change much. The features would be the same, but she'd be older, of course."

"I know of a young woman who was stolen by gypsies, but I won't say that she is your daughter. You must be prepared for a disappointment."

"Oh, that's nothing, captain," wearily. "I've been disappointed forty times, and I'm used to it. I'll know her in a minute, so don't let that worry you. I don't set any store by anything, and I don't get up any hopes. Let me see her, and I can tell you in a minute whether she's my baby girl or not."

"Remain here, Mr. Yost," continued Dick, "and I will bring the girl to you. She is a spy for the patriots, and is very clever. I saw her this morning. She dresses like a gypsy, and I thought she was one till recently. Then I learned that she was not."

"Ha! a spy, eh? And clever? That would be just like Ruth. She was as cute as a fox when she was little, and she wouldn't be likely to get over it, living with gypsies. Well, I'll wait; but I'm not counting anything on it. I've been disappointed too often."

"I will return as soon as possible, Mr. Yost, but I shall have to hunt her up, and she may have gone to some other camp. Keep up a good heart, for I believe that this young woman is your missing child."

The boys rode off to Continental Village, and learned that the gypsy girl spy had ridden off to Fort Constitution, some miles distant, for the purpose of notifying Colonel Marinus Willett, then in charge, of the presence of the enemy.

"We shall have to wait till she comes back, then," remarked Dick, "for we may be needed in this quarter. A day will make very little difference."

Late in the afternoon a strong party of the Liberty Boys, headed by Dick and Mark, were in the neighborhood of the creek, when they came upon a party of redcoats about to set fire to some vessels containing food, then at anchor.

The redcoats had driven away the small guard left with the boats, and would have succeeded in their purpose but for the presence of the Liberty Boys.

The gallant fellows charged the enemy at once, firing a telling volley, and doing a good deal of execution.

The redcoats were in boats, which they had seized, and now they pulled rapidly away, followed by the shots of the Liberty Boys.

One of the vessels was in flames, but the others could be saved if they were taken from their present moorings.

Then a man was seen coming out of the hold of the nearest vessel loaded with plunder.

The retreating redcoats fired at the boys at this moment, the man being hit and falling on the deck.

"That is the gypsy!" cried Dick.

"Shot by the very men he would have betrayed if he had had a chance," added Mark.

The boys hurried aboard and changed the moorings of this and other vessels.

The gypsy was badly wounded, and was taken into the cabin and placed in a bunk.

When the vessels were safe, Dick went to the man and said:

"Black George, or whatever other name you may bear, you stole Michael Yost's daughter fifteen years ago, and brought her up as a gypsy."

"Yost cannot prove anything, I have steal the box and bury it, you will never find."

"The box has been found and given to Yost," said Dick.

"Ha! you have cheat me of my revenge! I curse you!" snarled the gypsy, and then, rising upon his elbow, he shook his fist at Dick, and in another moment fell back dead upon the bed, the last frantic effort having been too much for him.

After the departure of the enemy the boys instituted a search for the gypsy girl, and found her near the Yost house, the very last place where they would have looked.

"I have seen this queer old house before," she said to Dick. "Who lives here?"

"Michael Yost, and there he comes now," said Dick.

"Michael Yost? Where have I heard that name? Who is the tall, sad-eyed man? What is this strange feeling that comes—Captain, what does it all mean?"

"I can tell you, my girl," answered Yost. "It means that you have come home, that I am your father whom you haven't seen for years, and who has always believed you to be alive. It's all right, captain, there is no disappointment this time. Bring her in, and I'll show you all the proofs."

There was little difficulty in proving the supposed gypsy girl to be Michael Yost's daughter, the resemblance to the miniature, the girl's own recollections, and many other things making it plain at last that the lost had been found.

She gave up her gypsy life, ceased to be a spy, although she remained a good patriot, and devoted her life to domestic pursuits and to caring for her father in his old age.

Next week's issue will contain "THE LIBERTY BOYS GUARDING WASHINGTON; OR, DEFEATING A BRITIST PLOT."

THE LIBERTY BOYS OF '76

CURRENT NEWS

TWO CROPS OF POTATOES

Walter Vaught, who lives near Boggstown, Shelby County, has dug two crops of potatoes from his garden this year. In the summer he dug seventeen bushels, leaving the smaller potatoes in the ground, which he ploughed in. They took root and started to grow. Vaught became interested and cultivated them. Later Vaught dug thirty bushels of potatoes.

BOYS SELL PILLOWS OF CATTAIL DOWN

Enterprising small boys in the vicinity of Jamaica Bay sloughs, New York, are reaping a harvest of cattails. They sell the down as stuffing for pillows and sofa cushions, making enough money by their transactions to see all the movies of their neighborhood and also keep their stocks of chewing gum well filled.

Chicken or duck feathers are the standard stuffing for pillows. Down from geese is said to be the best, but the Jamaica Bay lads insist an expert cannot tell the difference between a cattail pillow and one made from the finest goose feathers.

BOY GETS FIFTY CENTS PER MONTH FOR LIFE

Thrift Magazine tells an interesting story of the father of a 10-year-old boy in New York who

was besieged by his young hopeful to buy a certain plaything amounting in value to \$100. Day after day the father was coaxed, cajoled, and threatened. He put up numerous defensive arguments that were brushed aside with scorn. Finally the father said: "Son, which would you rather have, this toy or 50 cents a month as long as you live?"

The boy chose the 50 cents a month for life. The father invested \$100 in a gilt-edged security yielding six per cent, and the boy was given a lesson in thrift and the value of money that will be of untold value to him as long as he lives.

200 SQUARE MILES OF GOLD CLAIMS STAKED

The district from Kirkland Lake to Larder Lake is now solidly staked. Twenty-five miles in length, five miles in width, it is doubtful if in all the mining history of Canada such an extensive block has been taken up in mining claims. Smaller patches have been staked around the large block, so that altogether in this gold district between Kirkland and Larder two hundred square miles are in the hands of mining companies and prospectors. The activity in the neighborhood of Larder Lake was caused by the splendid results obtained by Brown Reserve in the Costello vein.

COMING! COMING!

In "Mystery Magazine" No. 100, Out January 1, 1922

A rousing feature story of diplomatic intrigue.

It is entitled

A SECRET SERVICE CASE

By HAMILTON CRAGIE and ELLIOT BALESTIER

This is one of the most remarkable detective stories issued this year. Do not fail to read it if you like stories full of pep and puzzling Mystery.

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and a number of other stories, sketches and short articles on a large variety of subjects.

WATCH FOR No. 100—OUT JANUARY 1

Bellville Academy Boys

—OR—

VICTORIES OF TRACK AND FIELD

By RALPH MORTON

(A Serial Story)

CHAPTER XI.

A Race With a Handicap.

The youths knew that he meant what he said. Arabella had retreated to the grandstand again with a light of pride for Dan shining in her eyes.

"Oh, Arabella," said one of her girl companions from the school, "you should not let him go. Use your influence with him for he will kill himself, surely."

"I believe he can run it, even now," said Dan's sweetheart, "for he is a wonderful athlete, and I know what grit will do."

Dan certainly lived up to her hope, but it was a tremendous task, as he was to learn.

Watson, for Exover Academy, was far from desirous of making that race with a disabled man, but he was forced to by the gallant Bellville youth, who, after a drink of oatmeal water, which he merely used as a freshener for his jaded strength, stood ready for the contest.

The starter came forward.

"There are four fellows in this race," said he. "Where are the other two?"

Dan beckoned to Sammy Bell, who was to contest in that event as well as himself.

"I won't do it," began Sammy.

But Dan's looks made him come to time, and in line.

"Ready! On the line!" began the umpire, as the four contestants lined up.

"Set—bang!"

The revolver shot rang forth.

The crowd hardly expected Dan Barnett, bandaged on his shoulder and arm, to make even a good start.

They had a good surprise before them.

The lad pulled himself together, and after the first unsteady wobble, in the first ten steps, he went along smoothly enough.

"Well, it's against my advice," said the doctor, "but I am glad to see that he can pull up so well. They will run slow for awhile, in this long race, and so before they start to sprint he will drop out by necessity."

The doctor reckoned without his host, however, for Dan was not dropping, nor thinking of it.

"I must win this if it takes every ounce of strength in my body for the next ten years," muttered Dan, between clenched teeth.

The hardest thing was for him to forget the pain in his shoulder, and yet he managed it.

He concentrated so hard upon the stretch before him the need for winning, and his great desire to make good, handicapped as he was, that he did not even notice the runners at his side.

The four trotted along with steady pace, and Dan took the lead in the run.

"Go slower, Dan," advised Sammy, close behind him, but Dan paid no heed to this coaching.

The brave lad kept right on with what his instinct told him was the best pace for his own running, and indeed it was a good one for that part of the long run.

Around the track again and again ran the runners, and the crowd on the grandstand waxed more and more enthusiastic as the lad gained in his strength with remarkable fortitude.

"Good for Barnett!"

"Hooray for the Bellville boy!"

Even the lads from the rival Academy were giving him many good round cheers, and Dan heard not a syllable of it, for he was concentrating every thought in increasing his speed, as the laps in the track increased in number.

Dan never knew that he had such speed in his own good legs as this.

He could not help wondering, in a curious sort of way, that his strength could last so well.

The arm and the shoulder were throbbing horribly.

He was paying the penalty in acute physical suffering for his nervy determination.

Yet, on he went, like the runner at the first great Marathon race from the battle of Thermopylæ, in Greece, running though death were to take him at the end of the course.

Dan feared that if he thought of his aches or pains he would weaken his own strength.

And so he valiantly maintained his forced spurting by concentrating every thought upon the task in hand.

He thought only of the white line of tape which would be stretched across the track, as he rounded on the last lap.

"I must make it—I must—I must—I must!"

This was the uppermost, in fact the only thought which was in his mind.

And the lad, despite his handicapped physical condition, forged ahead, inch by inch and foot by foot, in advance of his competitors in the long contest.

This time he showed that he was under a great strain, as he passed the grandstand crowd.

Their sympathies were all with the injured Bellville lad, and even the boys from the visiting Academy were applauding his game attempt to win.

"On, on!" shouted the crowd.

Now, indeed, did Dan seem to have forgotten all about his injury.

His legs were spinning, for they were nearing the end of the race, and he put his competitors to a great test to keep up their own end of it.

Faster! Faster!

How that Bellvillite did cover the ground, and his steps now were longer, with more mechanical movement, for this was what they call the spurt for the second wind.

(To be continued.)

FROM ALL POINTS

PETRIFIED MEN IN CAVES

Dr. Alec Hardlicka of the National Museum, Washington, has visited the Luray Caverns, Virginia, for the purpose of examining and removing certain bones, inclosed in stalagmite, which were believed to be human. After considerable difficulty the entire deposit containing the bones was taken out in pieces which showed the remains of most of the parts of a human skeleton, but no trace remained of the skull with the exception of a portion of the lower jaw. The specimens have been given to the museum for further study.

FIND PRISON STOWAWAYS

John Fichera, Paolo Orofino and Peter Castiglione, all sentenced to Auburn Prison from Rochester, who stowed away the other day in the prison, were found hiding under a pile of scrap iron in one of the shops. They had dug a deep pit, supplied themselves with food to last two weeks, and with stilettos made from knives taken from the prison mess hall erected a roof, over which confederates among the prisoners had piled the scrap iron. They evidently planned to stay there until the prison officers believed that they had gone over the wall, after which they would reappear in the night and make good their escape.

Fichera and Orofino are both murderers, serving 20-year sentences, and Castiglione is serving not less than two years for assaulting an Italian girl.

FAT MAN STUCK THREE DAYS IN CAVE

A recent order, by which all persons having a waist measurement of more than 33 inches, are until further notice, excluded from the Crystal Caverns, one of the famous attractions of the Sequoia National Park, California, has its explanation in a recent accident of curious nature, says Popular Mechanics. A man of more than average girth attempted to enter the cave, which is reached through a narrow crack between the rocks. He succeeded in pushing in, but reached a point where he could neither go ahead nor turn back, and was held a prisoner between the rocks.

After three days without food, he had lost enough weight to enable forest rangers to free him by clipping away the rocks around him. The cave entrance is now to be widened sufficiently to prevent the repetition of such an accident.

\$100 LEFT ON DEPOSIT 60 YEARS IS NOW
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Saving money is not so hard after a person once acquires the habit. The United States Government makes it easy for every man, woman and child to practice thrift. The start can be made with a dime invested in a Postal Savings Stamp or \$1 will open an interest-bearing Postal Savings account or pay for a Treasury Savings

Stamp. Twenty or these \$1 Treasury Savings Stamps, with a few nickels added, or a postal savings deposit, can be converted into a Treasury Savings Certificate, paying \$25 at maturity. These Savings Certificates are also sold in maturity denominations of \$100 and \$1,000. They yield interest at 4 per cent., compounded quarterly, when held until maturity, and can always be converted into cash on short notice at more than their original cost.

Chauncey M. Depew, erstwhile United States Senator from New York, put \$100 in a Peekskill, N. Y., savings bank in 1860. It was his first \$100. Maybe Senator Depew found, as many do, that the first \$100 proved to be the hardest. Anyway, in spite of strenuous temptation, he refused to draw upon that \$100, and, as a result of later prosperity, finally forgot about it. Not long ago Senator Depew entered the Peekskill bank to greet some old friends and they reminded him of his "nest egg." On computing the interest it was found that the original deposit of \$100 had grown to \$800, and owing to the long period in which it had lain undisturbed had achieved the distinction of being known as the bank's star account.

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HARRY E. WOLFF, 166 W. 23d St., New York

Condemned To Be Shot

By JOHN SHERMAN

At the close of the Civil War, I, like thousands of others, found myself bankrupt.

Mexico promised fair, and so, gathering together what little money I could, through the kindness of a few friends, I turned my face thither, and, after a while, located in the lovely town of Parras.

Here I opened "shop" in an unpretentious building, and hanging out my sign, resigned myself to await events.

At that time Maximilian was struggling to establish his empire, and though the French troops had not yet penetrated into this secluded spot, yet the country was greatly unsettled.

Under ordinary circumstances a physician is regarded in Mexico with almost as much veneration as are the priests, but at the time of which I speak, nobody was safe for an instant if he ventured, ever so little, outside the immediate limits of the town.

Of this I was made aware, and repeatedly cautioned not, under any circumstances, to be persuaded to ride into the country.

One evening, some six months subsequent to my arrival in the place, I was seated at my office door, content with myself and all the world, for business had been good, when I was abruptly aroused from my reverie by the sound of horse's feet coming down the narrow street at a rapid gait.

I glanced up in time to see the horseman pull up and dismount, and immediately after approach where I was seated, hat in hand.

He was a diminutive specimen of a lepro, though with a countenance much more intelligent than is usually found among that class.

He had come for me to visit a neighboring hacienda, the property of a rich planter, whose only child, a young girl, was lying desperately ill with one of the terrible fevers indigenous to that country.

The place was some three, or, perhaps, four miles distant, near the foot of the mountains.

I at first flatly refused to go, but, finally, overcome by the messenger's pathetic account of the young girl's suffering, the father's grief and the promise of a heavy fee, I gave in, and ordered my horse out.

A brisk ride of an hour brought us in sight of the long, low white building, and as I rode up I discovered, standing upon the veranda—as though impatiently awaiting my coming—a fine-looking old gentleman, who instantly seized upon my hand, and dragged me within the house.

I found the patient—a beautiful young girl just budding into womanhood—hovering between life and death.

Before leaving the bedside I announced to the delighted father that his child would live.

I never saw such gratitude, such perfect happiness expressed by anyone, and when I turned to depart, he would hear of no such movement.

"The road was not safe," he said, "and I must wait until morning, when he would send two or three of his people to town with me, as a body-guard.

The night passed quietly, and after a magnificent breakfast next morning the old don permitted me to depart, first exacting a promise that when more quiet times should come I would often visit him.

I finally got off—bearing with me a good round sum as a reward for my successful treatment of the invalid—but not by the same road by which I had come.

Under guidance of the lepro who had come for me the day before, and guarded by two well-mounted Mexicans, we struck into a blind path leading along the foot of the range, evidently with a view of dodging any chance band of outlaws who might happen to be in the neighborhood.

But, if such was the old don's calculation, he made a woeful mistake, for not more than three-quarters of a mile from the hacienda we were brought up all standing in the middle of the trail by a harsh command to halt, proceeding from the chaparral on the left of the road.

Immediately my cowardly guard threw down their arms and incontinently fled the field, yelling at the top of their voices.

A moment after I was surrounded by half a hundred wild-looking fellows, the chief of whom rode up to my side and began plying me with questions.

These I cut short by pulling out the heavy purse the old don had given me, which I handed to him, saying that I knew that that was the best answer I could make, and as it was the only one of the kind I at present could use, I trusted they would receive it and let me go my way.

What the reply to this reasonable request might have been I cannot say, for at that instant we were interrupted by, first, a loud yell, then a crashing volley from half a hundred muskets, which made sad havoc in the ranks of the picturesque gentry; the whole followed by the ringing notes of a bugle sounding the charge, which was forthwith made.

It proved to be a scouting party of French cavalry, and in less time than I have taken to tell it they had put the bandits to flight, killing half a dozen or so, and capturing as many more, among them myself.

A fortunate change, I thought at first, but I soon had reason to think otherwise, and heartily wished that I was safe back into the clutches of the mountain robbers.

In plain words, I was judged to be one of the band they had just dispersed, and it soon dawned upon my somewhat bewildered brain that I was in a fix.

A kind of drum-head court-martial was held on the spot, and in less than ten minutes the whole party, seven in all, were condemned to be shot.

In vain I plead and explained.

It was no use; not a man understood a word of English, nor I of French.

As a last resort, I got out my notebook, and drew on a blank page a rude representation of the American flag, and, pointing first to it and

then to myself, strove to make the blockheads understand that I was under its protection.

They only laughed, and, in sudden rage, I dashed the book into the officer's face, and took my place in the condemned line.

A sergeant and twelve men were detailed, we were led out into a little open space, and placed with our backs toward the hill, the firing party took positions in front, and all was in readiness for the fearful tragedy.

I closed my eyes to murmur a brief prayer, and with them still closed I heard the first command, followed by the click, click, click, as the carbines were cocked.

But my strained ear caught another sound as well.

It was the faint hoof-strokes of a horse ridden rapidly.

The sound was heard by the others, too, and a momentary pause in the dreadful proceedings ensued.

The next instant a horse, panting with the exertion of his swift race, and ridden by an old man with flowing white hair, dashed into the opening, scattering the firing party right and left, and altogether producing the greatest excitement.

It was the old don whose daughter I had saved, and somehow or another I immediately felt that it was now his turn to save me, and that he would do it.

And he did.

In as few words as possible he explained, speaking French as fluently as a native, who I was, and how I came to be in the hands of the outlaws, and then, drawing a large, legal-looking document from his bosom, he handed it to the French officer.

The paper, whatever it was, produced a remarkable change in the man's manner, who, in returning it, begged to offer as many apologies as I and the old don chose to accept.

Well, I thus got away from both outlaws and French, and it made such an impression upon my mind that, in as short a time as possible, I got away from the country, perfectly satisfied to escape with a whole skin, even though my pockets were in a fearfully emaciated condition.

STRANGE NEW ENGLAND TRIBE

The oldest people in Massachusetts, or, for that matter it might be said, in this country, are the Jackots, of Boxboard City, near Taunton, a people whose chief peculiarities are their albinism, the result of many years of interbreeding, their moral laxity, and their mania for "swapping," a mania that has resulted in many strange episodes.

One of the strangest of these resulted not so long ago in a more stringent supervision of the practices of the tribe being effected when it was brought to the attention of the state officers. This was the swapping by one of the Jackot patriarchs of his wife for a horse. This patriarch, who had so indulged his passion for trading that he had nothing left to barter but the clothes on

his back and his wretched hovel, made the exchange with a brother, handing over his wife for a horse worth about \$10. Within twelve hours he had traded the horse for another horse. Meanwhile the brother had taken the wife to Taunton and announced that he was perfectly willing to swap her for anything of equal value. At this point, however, the state officers stepped in. The brother's announcement had reached their ears, and they took both him and the woman into custody. Then the husband was located and informed that he would have to take back his wife and return the horse. He protested that the exchange was made in good faith and in accordance with the usual customs of his people, but his protests were of no avail.

Another instance of the Jackots' mania for swapping was when one of the tribe, just released from the state farm, made his way to the grocery store of a man named Wilson, near the colony. The released Jackot had only his swapping instinct and his clothes and a desire to purchase something. While Wilson went into another room to draw molasses for a customer the Jackot entered into a barter with some of his former associates who happened to be present, and when the astonished proprietor returned he had sold for \$2.40 every stitch of his clothing and stood, a leafless Adam, in the center of the floor. Wilson expostulated, but the trouserless jacketless Jackot was unperturbed. He demanded a barrel, "allowing" that with a barrel as covering and his \$2.40 tightly clutched in his teeth he could make his way back to his kinsmen. The barrel was freely given, and the last the grocer saw of the Jackot he was making his way toward Boxboard City, waddling along with a sort of rotary motion.

The Jackots do not have much traffic with the world outside their little kingdom, except when it comes to horse swapping or bartering of some sort. When a stranger appears in their village most of the adults take to the shelter of their cabins.

The children are a bit more friendly or curious. and the visitor has an opportunity to inspect their albinism—their chalk-like skin and hair and their pink eyes.

The Jackots are a shiftless lot and their standards of morality are not of the highest. There was a time when mothers and fathers, grown sons and daughters and whole broods of small children lived together promiscuously. Marriage licenses were practically an unknown quantity and the tracing of genealogies would have been next to impossible.

The history of the Jackots dates back as far as the war for independence, when a Frenchman named Jacot settled at Freetown, Mass., with his large family.

"Mamma, this paper say that cattle when with other cattle eat more and fatten better than when kept alone." "Yes, my child. I guess that is right." "Well, mamma, we must be like cattle." "Why, what do you mean, child?" "We always have more to eat and eat more when we have company."

THE LIBERTY BOYS OF '76

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INTERESTING ARTICLES

PIGEON BREAKS RECORD

A pigeon from the Government's loft at Beltsville, Md., delivered a message from Mayor Thompson of Chicago to President Harding in sixteen hours' actual flying time for the 614 1-2 miles, breaking all former records.

SQUIRRELS STORE GOLF BALLS

Ontario squirrels are apparently mistaking golf balls for nuts, according to the Scientific American. A Carleton Place golfer found forty-one balls in one hollow tree, and further search of the squirrels' caches revealed fifty more lost balls.

NOT SO SIMPLE

With a bashful smile on his honest, simple face, a countryman walked into a second-hand clothing store in New York and said:

"You remember that coat I bought here yesterday for \$5?"

"Yes; but I never take back anything when once sold," said the dealer quickly.

"Oh, that's all right," replied the customer. "I only wanted to tell you that I found a \$50 note sewn up in the lining. Perhaps the owner may call for it."

"Of course he will!" exclaimed the dealer, capturing the note. "You are an honest man; here is \$5 for you as a reward. That will be all right."

And by the time the dealer found out that the note was a counterfeit the simple-minded lad from the country had vanished.

GOLDFISH IN BROOKLYN SUBWAY

Nobody would ever expect to find goldfish in the subway, but they are there. If sceptics doubt this take a trip over the Atlantic avenue station of the Interborough and see. Moreover, it is doubtful whether the thousands of passengers who pass that point daily are aware of the aquarium that stands near the window of the signal station at the north end of the central platform.

The Long Island commuter had passed it many times before he noticed it. One morning he

caught a glimpse of it as the train speeded by. The following day he determined to investigate.

The aquarium is about two feet long and eighteen inches high. One of the men employed in the signal station who is a lover of outdoors placed it there and tends to it.

"It is a rather odd place to keep an aquarium, isn't it?" he remarked. "Well, I like flowers, but I can't grow them here under the street. So I tried an experiment with goldfish and they are thriving in their subterranean atmosphere. Down here in the darkness away from the sunshine, these fish help me pass the hours away. They aren't any trouble and they give me many pleasant moments watching them."

LAUGHS

Old Lady—My little boy, do you smoke cigarettes? Boy—No, mum; but I can give you a chew of tobacco.

Customer—This egg is not what it should be. Waiter (absent-mindedly)—New York is full of temptations, sir.

"The undertaker is very jolly this morning." "Yes, three hundred new doctors were graduated last night."

Bill—Well, as the old saying is, "Short skirts make the men look longer." Will—Yes, and the short girls look shorter.

"What's the matter with Brown's face? It's covered with court-plaster." "He's been taking lessons in shaving from a correspondence school."

The Prof.—I understand you have a postoffice position and have just been promoted. The Grad.—Yes, I used to sell one-cent stamps; now I sell two's.

Mother—I gave you a nickel yesterday to be good and to-day you are just as bad as you can be. Willie—Yes, Ma, I'm trying to show you that you got your money's worth yesterday.

"Is this called a fast train?" demanded an impatient passenger. "It sure is," answered the conductor, proudly. "Well, in that case, would you mind my getting off to see what it is fast to?"

Mrs. Highmus—I'm a good deal worried about my nephew. He's getting to be a confirmed agnostic. Mrs. Gaswell—My sister used to be awfully troubled with that. She cured it with bone limiment.

"Suppose you had a dime," said the teacher, "and lost three cents. How much would—" "Pardon me," interrupted the precise Boston youth, "but if it was a dime, I should have to get it changed first."

A FEW GOOD ITEMS

HORRORS OF LIFE IN THE SPANISH ARMY

Fifty-five British members of the Spanish Foreign Legion reached Madrid Nov. 19, on their way to England, having been released from their enlistments after a protest by the British Government. Eight of the men have been wounded while nine others of their countrymen are said to be in hospitals in Melilla. A few of the discharged men claim American citizenship, but fought during the World War as members of British regiments and later enlisted in the Spanish Foreign Legion. Several are Canadians.

RATTLESNAKE KILLED IN TRAP

Amandus Creitz of Steinsville, northwest of Kutztown, Pa., got the surprise of his life when he set a powerful steel trap to catch what he thought was a rat of unusual size and appetite, judging by the amount of food that was disappearing nightly from his cellar. One morning recently a rattlesnake was found in the trap, crushed to death by the heavy spring. Since then nothing has been missed from the cellar. Women in the household entered and moved about the cellar every day while the snake was hiding there.

MOTH BALLS GOING UP

The lowly moth ball is rolling upward in value due to a scarcity of camphor in Formosa and islands of the Japan group.

Reports received at Seattle, Wash., Nov. 19, indicate that dealers in camphor in the Orient can offer but a limited quantity this year. There has been a strange disease killing camphor trees in Formosa, which for several years has threatened the industry.

The Japanese Government is spending large sums in an experiment with a view of combating the danger. The world's supply of camphor has been from Formosa.

CATS' PIED PIPER

Like the Pied Piper the Sheepshead Bay, N. Y., fish dealer has a following of cats as he pushes his cart through the residence section on Friday mornings. The cats for blocks away hear his shrill cry of "Fresh fish!" or perhaps smell his cargo and come slyly through the streets for a chance at a delectable bit of sea food.

When the fishman gets a customer he cleans and scales the fish on the ground. This is the chance for the neighborhood cats. Their part of the feast consists of the discarded heads and tails of fluke and sea bass. Obtaining a prized portion most cats break for home to enjoy the repast, while others not so fortunate hang on the peddler's heels and follow him about until he finally makes a sale and permits them to profit on his loss.

BUTTERFLY RANCH

A butterfly ranch is the interesting and lucrative venue of a Maine woman. While the ranch

does not pay her so well as the chicken farm, which she also owns, it calls for less work, smaller equipment and nowhere near so large an investment. A few boxes, some bark, moss, gravel and earth form the whole outfit.

In the early days of her venture she depended upon finding the cocoons from which the butterflies and moths are hatched in the woods near her home, but for some time she has been breeding them on the ranch. Hatching boxes are manufactured at home.

The great difficulty in the breeding of moths from home produced cocoons is that of keeping the caterpillars where it is possible to get the cocoon once it is formed. The moths lay their eggs on the bark of trees, on leaves and in other places. The eggs are closely observed until the caterpillar, which is the embryonic butterfly or moth, hatches. Then the caterpillar is placed on a tree branch until the cocoon has been formed. The latter is placed in the hatching box to remain until the moth comes forth, when the process is repeated. The moths are mounted and sold to collectors, schools and museums.

BOTTLES BY MACHINERY

The bottle-making machine was born of necessity.

A French glass manufacturer was harassed by labor troubles in one way or another until at last he shut down his plant.

Then he set to work trying to devise a machine that would take the place of men in blowing bottles.

It was not many months before machines were installed and his work started again.

This was the forerunner of the American machine that is so nearly human that it can do its work better than men, and can make bottles for forty cents a hundred which cost seventy cents under the hand method.

The introduction of the bottle-making machinery exploded that theory, and when the manufacturer recites the advantages of the machine-made bottle over the hand-made, and adds that the number of bottles broken among hand-made ones was thirty per thousand, as compared with three per thousand, machine-made, he clinches his argument against the older method.

One of the boons of the new method is the fact that pulmonary diseases, which were very frequent among bottle-blowers, have been almost entirely overcome by the new method.

Passing the blowing tube from lip to lip spread contagion, and the high death rate among glass-blowers was attributed more to this than any one cause.

In the machines compressed air does the work that was hitherto required of human lungs, and the sick and death rates have both fallen off since the introduction of the machines.

More than twenty-five factories are now turning out machine-made bottles.

THE NEWS IN SHORT ARTICLES

NUTS FIT HOLES IN TREES

While in California last winter the writer saw several oak tree trunks pitted as if by smallpox. The holes are made by woodpeckers, and in every hole is an acorn placed there by squirrels. The nuts are so firmly imbedded that it is impossible to remove them with the fingers.

PREDICTS HARD WINTER

From the heavy fur found on bears last autumn it is predicted that this winter will be a hard one.

This season they are prophesying that the approaching winter will be unusually severe. The largest black bear killed in the Snoqualmie Forest Reserve for years was slain recently by Arthur Lenz near the right fork of the Snoqualmie River.

Bruin was feeding on late huckleberries preparatory to seeking his winter den. The animal weighed 550 pounds, of which 100 pounds was pure fat. The pelt, which possessed layers of fatty tissue, proved to be a thick coat of furry hair.

SMALL CHANGE IN FRANCE

There's plenty of small change in France again. Small change during the war was one of the most vexatious of the minor problems of life there. If you tried to buy a ticket on the Paris subway and did not have the right change you sometimes had to wait until the people in line after you had paid in enough to change your bill. Small coins had a tendency to disappear, as they did during our own civil war.

Some remedy was provided in the issue on the authority of local Chambers of Commerce of fractional paper money. But this currency was good only locally, so persons travelling had to be on guard against it. Some went about with strips of postage stamps which they used more or less successfully as small change.

All this bother has come to an end now in the recent issue of 300,000,000 francs in small change. The coins are not silver—but of metals curiously reminiscent of war monuments and medals, and of messkits and airplane engines, since aluminum and bronze are the metals used. They are issued as token money only, with the backing of the combined credit of all the Chambers of Commerce of France, and since they are good all over the country tourists will have no more of the small change nuisance of the war period.

BIG NATURAL GAS FIELD IS FOUND IN LOUISIANA

A natural gas field with "tremendous production potentialities" has been uncovered in Northern Louisiana, according to a report made public in New Orleans, Nov. 20, after an investigation by engineers of the Federal Bureau of Mines, conducted for the State on request of Governor Parker.

A productive area of 212 square miles, or,

roundly, 135,000 acres in a solid block, located in Union, Ouachita and Morehouse Parishes, near the city of Monroe, and designated as the Monroe gas field, is outlined in the report.

The report estimates that the total amount of gas remaining in the reservoir is roundly 4,750,000,000 cubic feet, or thirty-two cubic miles, calculated at eight-ounce pressure above atmosphere, with indications that the volume is much greater, because the limits of the field had not been finally determined at the time the investigation was concluded.

The Louisiana gas field is "undoubtedly the greatest natural gas field yet discovered," an official of the Bureau of Mines said to-night. Copies of the reports submitted by engineers of the bureau to Governor Parker of Louisiana have been received at the bureau, this official said, and justify the belief that the underlying reservoir of gas will run into "trillions of cubic feet."

RAINS HIS MONEY ON THE CROWD AND HE IS HEADED FOR BROADWAY

Hervey M. Phillips, a former Chicago newsboy, now a rich Mexican miner, created a furore in Omaha, Nov. 2, by throwing silver quarters, half dollars and dollars from his hotel window and then dashing up and down Farnam and Harvey streets in a taxi, throwing silver coins right and left.

He continued to-day throwing money to the birds but passed out \$5 and \$10 bills. He gave them to bootblacks, newsboys, waiters in restaurants, bell boys in hotels and threw others to total strangers without a word.

He took a dozen small newsboys to a shop and bought them good, serviceable shoes, refusing to purchase anything shoddy or flashy.

To-night he gave a dinner at the best hotel in town to about 100 little newsboys.

"I just want the boys to have a good time," he explained. "When I was a newsboy in Chicago I was often hungry and cold. I've got money now and I'm going to help the boys whenever I can."

Phillips arrived in Omaha recently and registered from the City of Mexico.

"I've never been to New York, but I'm going there in the next two weeks," he said to-night. "I'm going to spend about a week in Chicago, and then off for New York. Don't know what I'll do there, but I'm going to see the town, and I'm going to see it right. I'm going up one side of Broadway and down the other. And believe me, when I get through they'll know I've been there."

Phillips is about thirty. He is slow-spoken and slow of action. He wears a white sombrero and a rather rough suit of clothes. But he carries a roll of bills so big he has to divide it to get it into his pockets.

To-day when a policeman went to take him into custody for throwing money around he pulled out a bank book showing deposits of between \$600,000 and \$700,000.

I Can Succeed



"What other men have done with the help of the International Correspondence Schools, I can do, too! If the I. C. S. has raised the salaries of other men, it can raise mine. If it has helped others to advance, it can help me. To me, I. C. S. means 'I CAN SUCCEED.'"

Make up your mind right now that not another day shall pass until you have made *your* start toward success. Simply say "I Will," and the I. C. S. will come to you with the very help you need. Whether you're a dollar-a-day man, or a dollar-an-hour man, a long-hour man, or a short-hour man—there's a better job ahead and the I. C. S. will prepare you to step into it.

No matter where you live, or how little time or money you may have, the I. C. S. has a course of training to fit *your* needs.

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- TRAFFIC MANAGER
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WHERE TREES
ARE MILKED

In British Guiana and the West Indies, particularly on the banks of the River Demerara, there grows a tree known to the natives as the "Hyahya," which yields from its bark and pith a juice slightly richer and thicker than cow's milk. The tree is about 40 feet in height and 18 inches in circumference when full grown, and the natives use its juice as we do milk, it being perfectly harmless and mixing well with water. The Cingalese have a tree they call "Ki riaghuma," which yields a fluid in all respects like milk, which in the forest of Para grows a tree called the "Massenodendron," which gives a milk-like juice. It can be kept for an indefinite time and shows no tendency to become sour.

On the other hand, certain trees in the valleys of Arauca and in Canagua yield a similar fluid, which, when exposed to the air, begins to form a kind of cheese which very soon becomes sour. In the Canary Islands there is a tree called "Tabaya Dolce," of which the milk, thickened in a jelly, is considered a delicacy.

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